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THE ENGLISH MARINER.

Three Days from the Life of Cavendish the Rover.

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PART I.

His perfumed locks with wreathed branches crowned,
'Tay, and myrtle, and the poplar sheen,
He grasped the bowl—high son of Pelamion,
Immortal exile—monating o'er the brim,
With life blood of the grape, restate a line,
Then, as he quaffed—'Fill! fill! he shouted clear—
'This day, true comrades all, to wine be given,
'Griefs conquer!—To-morrow time will be—
And time enough—to cross the raging sea!'

HORACE—Free Translation.

The sun was shining fairly, on a bright morning of July, athwart the diamond-shaped panes and freesome mullions of an oriel window in the noble pile, which had for centuries called a Cavendish its owner; nor through his whole career, from east to west, across the garden of the world, did the great light-giver look down on a demesne more lovely than the wild expanse, sweeping away in lawn and upland, dingle and glade, and coppice, thousands of fertile acres, from the terraced gardens of the castle down to the beautiful blue sea, which actually bathed the roots of the gigantic oaks that grew so near the limits of their parent earth, as but to leave a stripe of silver sand between the children of the forest, and the gambols of the breaking surf.

From forth that oriel window, and over that glorious scene, decked out as it then was in the very flush of summer loveliness, gazed one, who, although scarcely past the spring-time of his

life, had grown already old—old, not in years but in luxury, in wantoning, in riot, and thence in that sad wisdom of the world, which, springing from satiety and weariness of soul, teaches men, when the lesson is too late, how truly it was written that 'all is vanity' Young Cavendish—he, on whom nature had bestowed with her most lavish bounty,—and bestowed, as it would seem, but to be abused or wasted,—all that can most adorn a man. Gallant of bearing. Noble of demeanor, glorious in form and feature preeminent in every manly exercise—whether of war, of its mimicry, the chase—refined of intellect, and above all, gifted with that most inscrutable, most god-like of endowments, high natural genius,—already the untrammelled owner of a principality, at an age when others are but possessors in expectancy—what needs it to rehearse the oft repeated tale? The revilings, the pleasures, and the sins—not the less dearly that they were concealed beneath a treacherous exterior of refinement—of a court, in no age equalled for its rash expenditure and pompous foolery, had wooed him, like the song of the false siren to his own perdition, until, awaking from a perpetual and changeeful dream, he found himself—a beggar!

Alone he stood, gazing upon that rich inheritance, which to him had descended through a

long line of brave and wise, and honorable ancestry, but for him, as he well believed, was destined to descend no farther. And now, so anxious was his wistful gaze; so keen his sense of beauties unheeded, if not indeed unseen, before; so exquisitely painful his remorse, his tearless agony,—that he perceived it not, when the door of his chamber was thrown open, and he, its tenant, was alone no longer.

‘Despatches, Master Cavendish, from London!—All of importance, as Will Foxford says, and he hath ridden with them night and day, since—’

‘Peace!—give me the missives, and begone,’ exclaimed the proud patrician, cutting, with hasty gesture, short the garrulous steward’s relation. Yet, as the old man meekly turned away, his spirit smote him for the unkind speech to one, who had so often held himself, aye, and his father when a boy, in those arms, now so tremulous and blighted. ‘Nay, pardon me good Harwood; I am distempered somewhat, and spoke, not as I meant, but hastily. Sit, sit old friend, and help thee to a goblet of yon Rhenish!’ and he pointed to a table, loaded with sumptuous preparations for a morning meal, neglected and distasteful to himself. ‘Beshrew thee, man, refuse it not, besides it will occupy thee while I read—’twill warm the wintry currents of thy blood, and brighten up thy wits, an I should need, as like enough I may, thy counsel. Hah!’ he muttered, almost fiercely, as he tore apart the fastenings of the first packet—‘Charge rendered—livery suits, flesh-colored silk and sables—hum—salvage men—my lord of Leicester’s masque!—The old tale all, I warrant them—aye, even so!’—as he broke another and another seal—‘Goldsmith’s work—thumb-ring of sapphire!—seed pearls and rubies for the dusting of a murrey-colored doublet medal and fanfaronas,—to the foul fiend with Newton and his fanfaronas!—Aye, here’s another of them—to fifty butts of Rhenish—Auxerre—hum! Aix and Sillery’ aye, by my faith, and right good wine it was, that Sillery of Chante-fleuries—foregad it makes me thirst to think of it. Without! who waits?—A flask there of champagne and goblets—Ha! by mine honor—from worthy Ishmael this. Five thousand marks of gold—two barques—a brigantine—God’s life, but this reads well!—Ten culreans,—sakers and demi-sakers—hum—Gofshawk—

aye, by my soul, and she shall stoop on them anon. Harwood! I pledge thee—‘To my successful cruise,’ as the attendant filled him a pint beaker of rock-crystal with the generous wine of France. ‘Nay, stare not so in wonderment, ’tis true, I do assure thee! Now answer me, and that I prythee, briefly,—What counts that mortgage to old Bassetlars the usurer—that which he threatened to foreclose last shrovetide?’

‘Full fourscore thousand pounds, fair Sir—full fourscore thousand!’

‘Aye, is it so?’ cried Cavendish, ‘and Ramsay’s twice five more—and Ishmael’s, as charged upon the Derbyshire estate, twelve thousand—and five here—and fifty thousand more to pay outstanding debts! So, so! ’twill do. Reach me that pen and standish, and witness thou my signature,’ and as he spoke, he dashed with a bold hand his name, and then impressed his signet, at the foot of a long parchment.

‘What have you done? what would you do my master?’ The old steward grew pale, and his limbs quivered from excitement, even more than from the weakness of old age.

‘Never heed thou, but sign, in the fiends name. Soh! Ashton Harwood—well, ’tis done, and ’twere as well I told thee now, as let thee learn it elsewhere. Thou knowest, I warrant me, that there is war between our gracious Queen and Him of Spain.’

‘Nay Sir—peace now. You have forgot the treaty—’

‘Tush!’ interrupted Cavendish—‘Tush!’ me no treaty! There is war with Spain, say I! *ACROSS THE LINE, WAR ALWAYS*’ Peace comes not thither, nor truce either—but there go I—the last of all my race, to mend my fortunes—mar them I cannot! Now by this document, signed even now by me, and witnessed here by you—by this same document, for two barques and a brigantine—the Hart, the Speedwell, and the Gofshawk, mounting in all some thirty, nay,—looking to the parchment—‘forty guns, seaworthy, and well found, with eight-and thirty mariners, and ninety fearless boarders,—for these, and for the covenanted payment, by old Ishmael, of every angel, mark, and crown due by me, William Cavendish, to all and sundry, have I made over from myself and from my heirs forever, to Ishmael of Hamburg and his heirs—foh on his bacon-hating progeny—forever, all right and title to my estate of Lydcombe Hall in the good shire of Derby—to my hunting

lodge and privilege in the New Forest of Hants—to my house, cour's and gardens in the Strand; and, lastly, above all,—to this my castle, park, and seigniory of Morecombe, here in Devonshire! Nay, falter not, old man, nor faint—provided always that the sums, here specified, be not repaid with interest and goodly premium on Ladyday, come three years. And with these galleys, and my good sword to aid, will I repay them—by St. George—or lay my head beside them! Soh—there my rapier and my cloak! not that Sir Fool—the gold-colored mohair—I tell thee! and now my black-plumed beaver. Bid the grooms lead me here black Thunderbolt—no followers, I ride alone! But hark thee! Dinner in the great hall at noon, for twenty—aye, by my troth, or five-and-twenty guests! My Lord Mt. Edgecumbe, and Sir Richard Glentville, and Bevil Slanning, with Edgar Alvanly, and Egerton, and Albert Parker, and—aye, some twenty others! See nought be wanting to our revel, either in state or circumstance! The richest wine—the eldest plate—the brightest crystal—and bid John, gardiner, give ye whole pleasaunces of myrtle and of roses; see the floor strewed with them in place of rushes, there will be none to smell of them anon—and as it be our last, St. George, but it shall be our brightest revel!

And, with a light laugh, and a friendly wafture of his hand, he left the astonished servants traversing, with fleet and even steps, the range of apartments to the huge path, hung round from oaken floor to ceiling, with coats of plate and mail—from the ring-armor of the Saxon, down to the polished panoply, rich with its marquetry and carving, of the Milanese—banners of every age and nation won by his ancestors of yore—and above all, the tattered and time-honored pennon of his race, with its coiled serpent, and its boastful motto of 'Cavendo tutus!'

Then, for the first time, as he looked upon that more than regal trophy, a touch of feeling was visible upon his features—'Thou too!' he exclaimed, stretching his hands toward the ancient standard—'Thou, too, who hast waved so often and so nobly, above the crested burgonets of my high forefathers,—thou, who wert borne by the first of our race upon the bloody day of Hastings, who hast fluttered in the sickly air of Palestine, and in the gales that fan the bosom of the Nile,—thou, to whom Europe, Africa and Asia, are all as one familiar battle-field—those

shall go with me to new scenes and to another world—there we will flourish or will fall, together!' The fire faded from his eye, and lip curled half contemptuously, as though he were ashamed of the enthusiasm which he had displayed; he turned on his heel coldly, and walked away at a pace now slow and measured. His horse, a jet-black barb of the tall breed of Don-gola, stood at the gate, struggling and chafing against the efforts of two grooms, who by the exertion of their entire strength were enabled to control, but not to moderate, his violence.—His glittering black chest was all embossed with foam-flakes, as with ears flattened to his neck, mane erect, and a vicious spark glowing in the corner of his averted eye, he pawed the turf in furious eagerness.

'Soh, Thunderbolt,' and the steed knew his master. With a deep snort, and then a quick low whining, he testified his pleasure at his presence, and stood uncurbed and free in patient, yet still proud, humility.

Cavendish sprang to the saddle, just pricked him with the spur, and dashed away at a pace as fierce as ever mortal tried—but tried in vain—with the vague hope of so escaping the companionship of that dark disquiet, which climbs, as the Ethic poet sang,—the brazen galley, and sits upon the crupper of the fleetest horseman. Swiftly sped the race of the winged hours, until the shadow of the dial already pointed noon. The gates of Morecambe Castle were no longer solitary—a group of gallant chargers led to and fro by gay and gilded menials, lent to the glorious landscape an animated richness it had lacked in the earlier hours of the morning; while a band of cavaliers, with rustling plumes and jingling spurs, strolled in free converse through the terraced gardens, or listened with rapturous attention to the wild bursts of rejoicing music,—trumpet, and horn, and bugle, with the mingled clash of the oriental cymbal, and the deep booming of the Norman kettle-drum, that bade them welcome.

And Cavendish was there—courteous and kind as ever—but more joyous in his merriment, more eager in his hospitality, more cordial in his greeting, than his wont. The feast was spread, as was made known for a mile's space around by the clangor of the gong, and the salvo-shot of musketry that rattled from the battlements.

Never was a fairer company—never a nobler banquet. It was not in the sumptuous viands, or the choice wines alone—although the venison and peacock were of the fattest—the Burgundy and Bordeaux of the primest—that the charm of that last festival was to be found; nor was it yet in the more delicate appliances of summer flowers and soft minstrelsy. It was the harmony of taste—the stream of courtly and elastic wit—the wit that is able—and alone able—to veil and even hallow the features of debauchery—the openness of the heart, disenthralled by wine from craft and selfishness and care—the all-pervading worth—the prevalent desire to be entertained, which renders even the slight jest amusing, and the pointless story pleasant. It was by these ingredients that the parting banquet was rendered, if not a ‘feast of reason,’ at the least ‘a flow of soul,’ and was fixed permanently in the memories of all present, as one of the few days found worthy in an entire life, to be marked with white upon the tablets of the mental calendar.

The southern sun was streaming full into the hall, through the resplendant tints of the stained windows when the feast commenced; but the paler hues of the summer moon were mingled with the glare of torch and cresset, ere the wine ceased to flow. Throughout that day the cynosure of every eye, the soul of all the merriment, the presiding genius of the revelry had been young Cavendish. Not a shade of sorrowful reflection had obscured the flash of his laughing eye; not a tone of melancholy thought had mingled with his song, or robbed his jest of its satire; yet there was nothing of drowning sorrow in the bowl, or quenching recollection in heartless rioting. All was most natural and unaffected, as though he had yielded his spirit to an overruling impulse, and were quaffing at the very fount of pleasure from the midst of which no dash of bitterness arose, to gall him in his sweetest moments. The evening was already waxing late, when with an universal shout, the health of Cavendish was toasted. He rose, and, crowning with Auserre a cup of massive crystal, poured forth a torrent of most eloquent thanks to that fair company. Feelingly he spoke, and touchingly—for many eyes were wet, they knew not why, ere his oration was ended. And how, for the first time, there might be traced in his address a strain of mournful

tenderness, mingled with noble thought and daring aspiration, even as the plaintive warblings of a lute might be supposed to blend themselves with the stirring blast of trumpets. He alluded to the uncertainty of all human things—to the doubt, whether all then assembled should ever be assembled more on this side of eternity. He spoke of the enchantment of the present moment, as contrasted to the sense of solitude and sadness that would so surely come upon himself, as come it does on every one.

‘But why,’ he continued, ‘why, should I dash away your pleasure on this most brilliant day?—why should I cause your memory of it to be other than bright, golden, and unsullied? Why, because a cloud has outshadowed me; why should I cast its dark reflection on your kindred spirits? True friends, dear friends—often have I met, and often parted—parted but to meet again. Let this be our toast,’ and he quaffed the deep draught to the bottom. ‘Let this then be our toast—as of yore we have parted, so may we now—part, ALL to meet again! Drink this, friends all, and thenceforth let no meaner pledge profane the vessels we have so ennobled.’ And he hurled the goblet over his shoulder as he concluded the heart-string speech quoted long afterward, and well remembered as ‘the farewell of Cavendish.’

There was a momentary pause—a clash of cup and tankard, and an audible out-pouring of the goodly liquor—a bustle of velvet mantles and a rush of feet as all uprose. A loud clear voice—the voice of one in after days, known better and more highly honored—the youthful Raleigh—took up the words and then from mouth to mouth they circled. As of yore we have parted, so may we now—part, ALL to meet again,—amid the crash of shivered glasses, the long and hearty cheers of all who drained it, and the exulting music, which broke forth in loud triumphant strains, as if to hail the pledge with an auspicious omen.

An hour later, and the castle was in silence and in gloom within, though the full July moon bathed the wild chase and woodland walks around it with her soft, and soothing radiance. Not a sound was to be heard but the distant murmur of a waterfall, the liquid carol of the thrush bursting at times into sudden life, and again sinking into silence; the quick flutter of the leafy boughs, waving in the least

draught of air, and the occasional moan of a distant and solitary owl. The deer were couched in the fern with their crested heads low, and their graceful limbs relaxed in sleep, beneath the shadowy elms, without so much as a single sentinel standing erect to guard the slumbers of the herd. Suddenly one antlered buck of the first size leaped to his feet, and snuffed the air—another and another bounded from their lairs—and a short low call and the quick stamping of their feet announced the approach of an enemy or a stranger. An instant, and the whole herd were in motion—for a moment longer they eyed the shadow, which lay thick in the elm walk, nigh which they had couched them for the night, then tossed their heads aloft, and with a scrambling rush and a few long bounds made toward some safer covert. Scarcely were they out of sight before a footstep sounded audibly beneath the trees, and the disturber of their slumbers stepped out into the moonlight, evidently thinking of some object widely different from the fugitive and frightened deer. It was a man with a close plumeless bonnet, and a plain dark cloak, worn surely for disguise, as might be judged not only from the reason, but from the white silken hose, and tawny satin buskins which appeared from beneath its edges.

'It is not sure so late,' he said, turning his eyes upward to the moonlit firmament, 'that she should have gone hence—pray heaven I have not missed her.' Even as he spoke, the castle clock chimed faintly in the distance—he listened anxiously until its cadences had ceased, and then, as if assured that she had not arrived whom he awaited, seated himself within the shelter of the trees on a mossy stone.

After a while he removed the bonnet, which had completely shaded his countenance; a struggling moonbeam fell through the foliage on his brow, and revealed at once the fair curled tresses, eloquent blue eyes, and proudly pensive lineaments of Cavendish.

'Tis strange,' he said at length in the unconscious tones of one who thinks aloud, 'tis passing strange that I, who have stood the brunt—and that unscathed—of all the artillery that could be launched from the bright eyes of Sidney's Feliciania—that I, who have sunned myself for years in the full blaze of courtly beauty, should be thus fairly foiled at mine own weapons by an artless rustic. Yet, by mine honor, 'tis a just judgment on me, for I did meditate on

honesty toward her simple loveliness. Strange—that we men, who are the very souls of honor toward our fellow men, think nought dishonorable, so it be practised on weaker women,—out on it!—'Tis a foul creed!'—He was for the first time perhaps of his life, in the mood for calm and deep reflection; and, at once, his naturally amiable and rightly planted heart, and his clear intellect burst through the meshes, which the worldly sophistry of fashion had woven round him. 'Tis a foul game indeed,—and foully have I played it. Truly do I rejoice, that I can say, in vain. Poor Rosaline—poor girl—well, well! 'tis but a day-dream; such as many a damsel nourishes, right easily and soon forgotten when she hath wed another.' But his heart smote him as he spoke, for well he knew that so it never could be with the girl, whose young affections he had treacherously won—but not won to destruction. 'Poor Rosaline—I do believe she loves me, but I shall *know* anon!—and if she do?—can I wed!—and with a poor esquire's daughter?—Fool! fool!—poor, blind, proud fool!' and he passionately dashed his hand against his brow—'art thou not then thyself a beggar, that thou should'st scorn the poorest gentleman?—and *will* I—*will* I wed her?—He paused for a moment's space from his soliloquy, leaning his throbbing temples on his hands, buried, as it would seem, in the most painful thought. Before, however, he had arrived at a solution of his doubt,—at least, before he had replied to it,—a female form drew nigh, but with so light a motion and a tread so noiseless, that the muser was not aroused from his engrossing meditation. A gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder, and with a smile, that proved him conscious ere she met his eye, he turned his noble features upward.

'Rosaline,' he said in soothing tones and delicate—'Dear Rosaline, methought you had forgotten.'

'Forgotten, William,' she interrupted him—'Forgotten!—but you jest only with your poor maiden! yet 'twas a cruel jest.'

'And could you not forget?' he whispered, drawing her to a seat beside him—'and could you not forget? If leagues of ocean were to intervene, if years of absence were to sever us, until our hair waxed gray—our pulses slow and bloodless—could you not forget?'

'Never! Oh! William, never!'

'Or if misfortune were to fall upon your lover,' he continued, heedless of her answer—'If

wealth, and rank, and station were to fall away—nay, worse than this, if the false world's opinion were to brand him base and bad—could you not *then* forget?

'And what is fortune?' she said proudly, her beautiful eyes flashing with enthusiasm, while her lips curled with scorn.—'And what is wealth, that it should change an honest heart—what, put a bar between us, or at the best, a frail and fickle plaything? Would—oh, would to heaven that you *were* poor, and humble, and oppressed, that you might learn the cruelty of your suspicion, the falsehood of your doubt. And what to me is the false world's opinion, that I should, for a breath as reckless and as changeful as the winds of heaven, abandon one whom I *know* good and brave, and noble?'

'Thou art a sweet enthusiast, my Rosaline,—but what if I myself, as here I sit beside you, were to avow myself base, treacherous, deceitful, and false-hearted!—if I were to tell you, I had wooed you but in wantonness of spirit—that, bad I won, I had straight deserted and despised you!—that now, even now, I am about to leave you—leave you forever!—could you not *then* forget?'

Steadfastly had she gazed at him, while he was trying her young and credulous heart; and as she gazed she drew no breath, so deep was her emotion—her eyelid winked not, nor did her pulse throb—'I might *die*, William, but not, oh not, forget!' and she burst into a passionate and convulsive fit of tears.

He passed his arm around her slender waist—a freedom never before permitted—he drew her unresisting to his heart, and kissed away the tears from her cold cheek.

'Hear me,' he said, 'beloved and blessed Rosaline, hear my confession! But know before, that not for all that I have lost—not for all the wealth of El Dorado—not for the fame of earth's most mighty conqueror—would Cavendish forego the knowledge of his Rosaline's devotion. Hear me then, sweetest, and if thou canst still love, having heard, then may we still be happy. All I have said is sooth!—leagues of the ocean may divide—years of absence must sever us—and it may be forever!—Poor I *am*—aye beggared!—not a rood of land, not a crown of gold, have I to call my own! and ere another week shall pass, the lying world's opinion *will* brand me base and bad!—nay more—I *do* confess myself base, treacherous, deceitful, and false-hearted—wooed you I have, and as I said

it, to your ruin—and had I dishonored, it might well be I had then deserted you! That my thoughts are changed, your purity, your meek and holy love, I thank my God, and you! Receive my plighted love then, if you can—receive it, for we part to-morrow!'

With her white arms hanging listlessly by her side, and her face bowed down upon her knees covered by the profusion of her dishevelled hair, she had heard him out, and now she raised her mild and lovely features, pale indeed as death, but calm and tearless!—'I have listened to you, William—in sorrow at the first, not anger—and at the last with an exceeding joy! The love which you have plighted me, I do accept most humbly and most happily; and wherefore now, oh, wherefore, should we part?—when do you sail, and whither, that I should not go with you?'

'At the first dawning—for the Spanish main! With three brave galleys and my own good sword to raise my fallen fortunes, or to sink myself beside them!'

'I will go with thee!—who so fit as I—thy promised wife?'

'My wife—my wedded wife you shall be Rosaline, so surely as the sun shall shine on my return; but on this voyage, wife of mine may not adventure!—This is no civilized—no human warfare! In victory's steps tread murder, torture, and pollution—we must part, sweet one. Hope is for us, not happiness!'

If not then as thy wife?—she cried in high and thrilling tones—'then as thy slave—thy minnow—or thy mistress! I, I that would, all dearly as I loved, have spit on thee when powerful, and spurned thee, hadst thou but named it—I that would have torn out from its roots my tongue, had it but syllabled the word—I will go with thee outcast, exile, and abandoned—go with thee as thy mistress!'

Thou shalt *not*, Rosaline!—thou shalt *not* for a moment's wild enthusiasm cast away a whole life's peace—nor will I, for a lovely mistress, lose a wife whom a whole world shall honor. In three years, if I do return, through the whole court of England's lion queen shalt thou be first as fairest if in three years I be not at thy side—then shall I not *be* at all. Promise me, Rosaline, promise me, that on Lady-day, come three years, you will await the noon-tide bell beside the water stairs of London's tower. Living, on that day will I meet you there, to make you mine forever—or dead, you there shall learn it.'

Her voice was choked by sobs, yet in the warm kiss—the first she ever gave—that met his lips, and the close pressure of his hand in her soft fingers fondly tremulous, he read and registered within his soul the promise.

They parted—alike in present love, alike in present sorrow—but oh how widely different in their future destiny. They parted—he for the excitement of change, and enterprise, and strife, and high ambition, and heart-stirring peril!—She for the dull monotony of a deserted home, for solitude, and sadness, and the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick.

PART II.

Our plough the galley, and our steeds the breeze—
Our harv' at field the broad and bounding seas—
We reap the golden crops from zone to zone,
Our birthright all that slaves and dastards own.

It was a burning day beneath the tropics; not a cloud was to be seen from zenith to horizon on the deep blue firmament, not a curl or ripple on the breezeless surface of the Caribbean sea.—Far away to the southward, on the very verge of the waters, where they appeared to join, by a gradual and scarcely visible transition, the vaulted heavens, there lay a group of powerful vessels; their long yard-arms still sloped in the direction of the gale which had deserted them, and their wide sheets of canvass hanging motionless in expectation, as it would seem, of a renewal of the faint and fickle minister that had conducted them towards their distant home.—Nor were these the only accessories to the glorious picture constituted by the air and ocean, glowing like rival mirrors of resplendent azure, with the snow-white albatrosses poised at their unmeasurable pitch, and the flying-fish glancing like flakes of silver to the sunbeams—for beneath the northern shelter of a tall coral cliff, rising in an abrupt and towering promontory from the extremity of a reef that might be traced for miles below the surface of the sea by its discolored hue, in a small and land-locked cove, were clustered three long, low, and rakish galleys, lurking like tigers in the jungle to spring upon their unsuspecting prey. Not a rope was out of place among their simple and easily managed rigging, not a speck upon their stainless decks. Their top-sail yards were lowered on the caps, with the snowy sails hanging in loose festoons, though ready to be strained at a moment's warning to their full extent; while their masts were already set, brood as an eagle's pinions, and seemingly as disproportioned, at

first sight, to their small and nicely-moulded hulls. A second glance, however, at the powerful beams, and massive cannon, of the heaviest calibre known in those days of rude incipient gunnery, projecting above the low waists, or grinning tompon-out from the port-holes of the castellated prows, would have dispelled the apprehensions of the most cautious mariner. Pennons, or ensigns, they bore none; the country whence they hailed, or the monarch whom they served; unless indeed the exquisite neatness of the crews, the polish of the brazen ornaments, and the whiteness of the unstained decks, might be held to prove them cruisers of the seagirt isle, which, even at that early period, could boast her wooden walls invincible. The crews were evidently of picked men, for scarcely one was there who numbered two score years, or who was not remarkable above the ordinary scale for muscular and agile strength. Though armed and disciplined for war, there was nothing of the gladiator, nothing of ferocity or blood-thirstiness, displayed in their features or demeanor—no shaggy beards, or untrimmed hair, or huge mustaches—no artifices, that would fain inspire unnatural terror, or conquer otherwise than by the open front of manly daring. By their full equipment—by the groups mustered round the guns—each ready with its tub of cartridges and blazing match for instant action—by the piles of weapons—cuttle-axe, and pike, and broadsword, and the long uncouth fire-arms of the day, from the long rifled matchlock, to the short cumbrous petronel, and the recently improved day, or pistol, with its wheel and flint,—cast at random on the deck beside the empty arm-chest—and more than all these, by the fiery and impatient glances which they cast toward the distant squadron, it was evident that they were bent on instant battle. The officers were at their posts, armed, each one as his fancy dictated; some in mail shirt, or musket-proof plate armor not yet obsolete, some merely in buff coats slashed with rich silk and laced with silver—but all, even to the private mariners, wearing bright morions and gorgets of highly polished steel, and girded with offensive weapons, rapier and battle-axe and pistol. Eyes were turned upward oft to mark if a sail might flutter, or a cloud might cross the sky to indicate a coming breeze; and muttered voices spoke in prayer or imprecation, but the breeze came not,

and the morning waned away; and noon advanced; and still the atmosphere was breathless, and the waters slept, and the expected squadron lay becalmed and motionless.

From the extreme point of the coral rock, which hid the cruisers from their destined victims, three palm trees had sprung up; though whence they drew the moisture, or where they found the soil, which ministered to their fair growth, might well be doubted—but there they flourished, with broad feathery leaves crowning their delicate stems, and casting a safe and grateful shadow over the inhospitable rock on which they had cast anchor. Beneath their verdant canopy, on a flat ledge commanding a full prospect both of the distant traders and of the galleys beneath his feet, lay a young soldier, perchance of five-and-twenty summers, scanning with anxious gaze every sign of the weather; and every casual movement of the sails on board the intended prizes, that might imply a consciousness of danger, or a desire of flight; and ever and anon casting a quick glance on the crews of those vessels which, from his gallant air and gorgeous decoration, he might be supposed to command. His head was bare to its long, light brown locks waving in soft and feminine ringlets far down his neck; but by his side there lay an open baginet of steel, beautifully polished and inlaid with silver, bearing for its crest a serpent springing from his coil, of the same precious metal. His brow was broad, and rather full than high; his blue eye had an expression sleepy more than vivid in its wonted aspect; and his features were mild, delicate, and pensive—yet there were lines on the brow, that might well be wreathed into a frown; and a decided curve in the expressive muscles of the mouth bespoke an aptitude to anger, when anger becomes,—as oftentimes it may,—a duty. His dress was a frock or tunic of rich crimson damask, flowered and fringed with gold, and over it a gorget and light breastplate, wrought like his helmet with devices of pure silver;—back piece and sleeves of mail were wanting to his full equipment, but his hands were protected by gauntlets exquisitely worked in scale. Loose trousers of white silk, looped to the knee, and falling thence in open plaits to the middle, with chamois-leather buskins, which by their pliable and yielding soles were excellently qualified to afford safe foothold on the slippery and

wave-washed deck, completed his attire. His arms were a short two-edged sword, with slender basket-hilt and sheath of silver, swinging from a belt garnished with several pistols—a heavy cuttle-axe rested against the palm-tree, its broad head glancing like a mirror to the sun, and its tough ashen shaft plated and clasped with steel.

Suddenly, as the leader, if such he were, turned from contemplating the preparations and position of his own brigantines, a joyful spark lent animation to his eye, and his lip kindled with an exulting smile.

‘A breeze—a breeze!’—he shouted in high clear accents—‘the sea is rough behind them, and their top-sails are already filling—all hands to quarters.’ Snatching his helmet from the ground, he bounded with free and fearless footsteps down the perilous declivity, and in a moment stood on the elevated quarter of the largest vessel, a brigantine perhaps of fifty tons, and bearing twenty cannon, under the denominations of culverin, falconet, and demisaker, the most approved varieties of marine ordnance then in use.

So perfectly still had been the day, and so unmoved the waters, that the galleys, which on the first discovery of the strangers had been towed under bare poles to their present hiding place,—were suffered to lie in their quiet haven unanchored, with no other fastening than a single mooring rope from each, attached to one projection or another of the towering crags that sheltered them from view. Their boats had been left floating ready for use beneath the sterns, and at their leader’s word the active crews leaped forth as one man to their appointed duty.

‘Silence—ho! silence,’ he exclaimed, observing a slight inclination to cheer among the excited mariners. ‘What! would you tell yon laggows where we lie—that ye would clamor even now?’ Anson, he continued, turning toward his second in command, a tall and weather-beaten sailor, who might from his aspect have been cradled on the ocean, amid the perilous scenes of which he seemingly had passed all his youth, and half his manhood—‘Anson, summon me hither EGERTON and DALLAS from the HART and SPEEDWELL, and see us clear for action. Hold yet! those water casks—let them be shifted forward—we were too much by the stern, last chase—and let the two long falconets

be run out from the larboard bow; we will engage on that tack. Be steady now, and silent, for your life!

Five minutes had not elapsed ere his subordinates stood beside him. 'I have required your presence, gentlemen,' he said, 'that you might be instructed of my purposes to come! 'Tis well nigh two years since we sailed from Plymouth; and, thus far, fortune has nothing favored us. But now, our time hath come; Now, if ye bear yourselves, as bear yourselves ye will, our cruise is ended, and our object gained, ere nightfall. Yon squadron, ye have marked it, well I wot, and know them as myself—yon squadron are the galleons of Philip—the floating treasuries of Castile and Leon! Six transports under convoy of a royal caravella. These *must* we have ere the sun set—and we *will*, right easily. Fore heaven, but they bring their breeze along with them, right rapidly; the waves are white there, scarce a half league to the windward. So you now!—we must be stirring. Attend me!—Have your oars out, to tow you past the lee and lull of the rocks—but stir not till the caravella be before your bows. She may not see you, look out as she may, till she have passed us. Then, up top-sails, and St. George's pennon, and strike straightway at the fleetest sailors. The caravel is *mine*. The rest will fly, dispersing as they may—and, hark ye, wait not to board, or capture; but one disabled, strike at the rest! Pinion them only, we will bag them at our leisure; and over all, no violence! Who fires a shot, when once a prize has rendered, or dares but look too boldly on a captive, finds Cavendish his foe! Time presses, gallants, so God speed ye, and away.'

The time was indeed at hand; for scarcely had the captains got on board their vessels, ere the brigantine of Cavendish began slowly to move, and cautiously. On came the unsuspecting squadron, careering merrily before the brisk influence of a southwestern breeze; the caravella leading—a huge castle of two hundred tons, with forty guns at the least reckoning, the yellow flag of Spain streaming triumphantly above her triple tier of sails, and pointing to her distant home—and the rich galleons clustering in her wake, like wild swans, if such an anomaly can be conceived, following the guidance of a lordly eagle. On she came, free and fearless—she neared the coral cliff, and was lost behind it for a second's space, just as the boats

of Cavendish had gained the necessary slant upon the wind, and as his courses felt the breeze. Her bows shot past the promontory, and, at the instant, up soared the snowy top-sails—up went the red cross pennon, glowing like a stream of silvery fire to the winds of heaven.

'St. George! St. George for merry England!' and, with the shout, a flash burst from her weather bow; another, and another! and the heavy shot plunged full into the broad beam of the Spanish frigate. For an instant the brigantine was checked till her boats' crews might scale her sides and stern; the abandoned barges floating like nut-shells on the now ruffled waters.—Then, while the Spaniard, surprised and terror-stricken, held on before the breeze, calling his crew to quarters, and clearing his unready ship for action, Cavendish braced his sails close on the wind, and running under the enemy's high poop, hardly a pistol shot astern, discharged gun after gun of his augmented larboard battery full into her defenceless stern, raking her fore and aft with terrible effect, and holding on, without receiving a single shot in answer, till he was well nigh half a mile to windward,—then he wore ship, and made all sail, with the wind now on his larboard quarter, to cross the caravel ahead, and rake her from the bows. He neared her, as the gallant goshawk stoops on the cumbersome swan, and now it seemed he would attain his object; but the Spaniard had shaken off his lethargy, and, altering his course, just as the brigantine would else have crossed his track, presented to her fire the frowning batteries and ready armament of his broadside. Yard-arm to yard-arm they now lay, shrouded in eddying volumes of white smoke, through which the red glare of the cannon, and the sparkling flashes of the musketry, glanced fast and fiercely. It was well for Cavendish, that his first fire had told so fatally; for of the enemy's crew a full fourth were disabled, and several of his guns dismounted. Still, had the Spanish Caravella been worked or fought by scientific manners, her weight and numbers must have conquered; but, taken by surprise, her crew unarmed at the first attack, and her guns trained for distant firing and an equal foe, the terrible broadsides flew harmlessly above the decks, tattering the sails, but scarcely injuring the hull of her diminutive antagonist, whose every bullet cleft its destructive passage through her sides, and shattered her stout timbers. But time wore on—

ward, and the crew of Cavendish were waxing weary; many had fallen, and yet more were wounded by the small arms of the Spaniard, better directed than his nearly useless ordnance; and the chief grew eager to conclude the strife, even at a mighty hazard, in time to aid his consorts in the capture of the galleons. Altering his course once more, though slightly, he locked his yards in the fore-rigging of his gigantic foe.

'Away there, boarders—a Cavendish!—a Cavendish!—St. George for Cavendish and England!'—and hurling the ancestral pennon of his house far through the smoke upon the frigate's deck, pistol and cuttle-axe in hand, he leaped down, twenty feet from his main yard-arm, to the Spaniard's fore-castle. 'A Cavendish! St. George for Cavendish!'—and the bright axe fell, and rose, no longer bright, but dimmed and gory—and fell again, bearing a human life on every blow. 'A Cavendish! a Cavendish!' and the bold crew rushed in, hard on the footsteps of their leader; and the roar of the ordnance ceased, and the packed smoke, soaring upward, sailed away to leeward, leaving a clear field for the deadly conflict—man to man, and hand to hand,—with weapons to offend, but none to ward—with space to thrust and strike, but none to falter or to fly—with pike, and battle-axe, and broad-sword, and harquebusses, pouring down their rattling volleys from the tops—and the din of arms, and the yell, and the groan, and the commingled shouts, '*Santiago Espanoles!*'—'St. George for merry England!' But the enduring valor, the greater bodily strength, the sheer blows of the Britons, at the last prevailed. The axe of Cavendish was shattered; but his rapier's edge bit deep into the headpiece of the Spanish captain, even at his own cabin door—the foreigners were forced below, the hatches battered down, and, last, not least, the Spanish ensign lowered, to be displayed again, not as before, triumphantly, but subject to the snowy field and blood-red cross of England. The fight was ended, but the victory was not as yet achieved. The first cares, to secure the prize and to assist the wounded, over—a brilliant sight and cheering was presented to the captors. Of the armed galleons, two lay on the waves dismantled, their masts gone by the board, and their proud banners struck; while far to the eastward might be seen the four survivors of the squadron, striving with all sail set to shun their near pursuers.

'All hands make sail upon the Gosshawk!'—and away she went, upholding her pinions to the blast, and dancing over the rough billows, as though not a single shot had scathed her beautiful frame, or clipped her wide-spread wings—while her Spanish captive followed her, guarded by a small prize crew, but sluggishly and slowly, as though reluctant to the change of masters. Away! away! but a stern chase proverbially is long and wearisome. The sun, however, of the long tropical day was still above the waters, when they saw the Speedwell near the hindmost galleon—run alongside her with a shattering volley, and then pass onward to the next. They saw the Hart come up, and shear away her foremast to the deck, and leave her to the mercy of the Gosshawk. Themselves they neared her—so sluggish were the deeply-freighted traders as compared to those light brigantines—and at the third gun down went her mainmast, and the banner of Castile was lowered! Onward they went, and overtook a fourth, groaning and staggering to and fro, wounded and weary from the successive fire of the rovers.—They overtook her, but the victory was won already, and Leon's flag went down without a shot; while they might see their consorts even now engaged with the last two relics of that gay and glorious squadron. Signaling these to secure their prizes, the Gosshawk went about, and one by one the treasure ships were boarded, and secured without resistance—their cannon spiked, their arm chests tossed into the sea, their magazines of powder flooded, and so rendered useless.

The night was darkening fast as they approached the coral reef whence they had swooped upon their prey; but, in their turns, victors and vanquished all came in, and ere the moon rose, seven goodly prizes were at anchor in that land locked bay—eight hundred tons of shipping rich with the spices and the gold of southern climes, the prey of three small sea-wasps whose united burden equalled not the individual tonnage of their smallest captive.

A beacon blazed beneath the three tall palm trees—and the feast was spread, and the merry laughter of the conquerors heralded the progress of the circling bowl; but ere the night waxed late, with sparkling eye, and joyous smile, young Cavendish arose.—'True comrades all, I thank ye for your presence—as in the feast, so in the fray, never required but ready! We have toiled—we have fought—we have revelled—we

have bled—together.—And now, God and St. George be lauded—together shall we see the brightest isle of ocean! Victory is ours, and victory's reward—exhaustless riches, and eternal glory! To-morrow will we speed to that dear land where best we may enjoy them—to those, still dearer, with whom alone we would enjoy them—good night then, gallants all, and with to-morrow's dawn, sail ho! for merry England!

PART III.

I say 'tis false!
If the true dog forget not, till he die,
By strong intelligence of natural love
Still faithful to his lord—who shall pretend,
That man—the noblest of created things,
The image of his Maker—has no faith
That may survive the hour, no constancy,
Brighter and purer as the storms of fate
Wax fierce, and the gleams more brief between.

THE CONSTANT.—OLD PLAY.

The morn of Lady-day dawned cheerlessly and coldly over the huge metropolis of England—her streets were shrouded in a veil of mist, through which a few faint lamps, that had outlived the night, glamed, like a weary reveller's eye, with wan and watery radiance—her steeples looming through the fog, like giant vessels on a dull and stagnant sea. The royal standard had been hoisted, but a brief space, at the Tower stairs, and was now drooping round its flag-staff in moist and silver folds, while the sturdy yeomen of the guard, who stocked with shouldered partisan to and fro on the esplanade of the ramparts, deplored in sulkily silence the ravages of the small drizzling rain upon his scarlet hose and gorgeous jerkin. But beside the flag-staff there sat one—a delicate and slender girl, muffled so closely in a dark russet mantle that nothing but a well-turned ankle could be seen, to point conjecture—over whom the dreary influences of the time and weather appeared to have no power. Her face as far as could be observed, for the upper part down to her eyes was veiled by the projecting hood, was beautifully shaped though deadly pale. Thither she had come as the mighty cadences of St. Paul's clock rang out the sixth hour of the morning; and there she still sat, patiently and silent, while the same giant echoes proclaimed the lagging flight of each successive period. To the enquiries of the warder she replied, at first, by a mute gesture only; then, as he grew more urgent even to importunity, she meekly prayed him, that he would 'suffer her to bide her tryst, though well she did believe in vain.' The captain of the guard

came on his rounds, and the rude sentinel called his attention to the solitary figure, but he answered with a laugh of levity—'Pshaw! Damian, let her be—'tis but some bona-roba waiting her paramour; though in good he must be a most ardent lover, an he swim forth in such a morning!' She heard him not, however for her mind was far away—far on the tropical seas, with him she loved beyond her life, the rover Cavendish. Three years had passed in weariness and woe, and she had heard no tidings of her lover—her father, an old gray-haired esquire, had sorrowed at the first, and questioned, as poor Rosaline's cheek waxed paler, day by day, and her bright eye grew dim, and her step, once light as the fleet roe-buck's, sounded heavily upon the turf—but the old man fell asleep, and lay with his fore-fathers in a green nook of the quiet village church-yard; and Rosaline was left alone, a rustic heiress; and suitors would have wooed, but to their words she lent no ear, living in solitude and sorrow, with but one glimpse of hope to keep her from despair. It seemed to her, however, as she now sat, according to her promise, to await the noon-tide bell, that the single glimpse was waning momentarily, and that the coming night would close her dreams for ever. Yet, she murmured not, nor gave way to unavailing grief, but strove to be still cheerful, and still thankful. But oh, how terrible were the struggles of her mind, how maddening the excitement of expectation as the time drew nigh, and yet he came not! It lacked but two hours of noon, and the day began to brighten; the small rain ceased, the mist grew lighter in the streets and open courts, though still it lingered in white wreaths above the river, veiling the unnumbered masts that thronged the busy port with a dull, gloomy shadow. Suddenly, there rose upon the air, a distant shout—a peal of merry bells—and the loud cheering of a joyous multitude. Nearer it came, and nearer—and now the Tower guard turned out, in gala dress, with gorgeous banners and loud music, mustering above the deep arch of the Traitor's gate. A trumpet rang shrilly from the river—and at the signal, with a roar that shook the towers of Julius to their base, gun after gun in quick succession sent forth a Royal salvo!—Shaken apart by the concussion of the air, the mist-wreaths wavered to and fro, dispersed, and the bright sun shone out upon the broad

blue river, its quays on either hand crowded with princely argosies, traders from every clime and country, vessels of every form and model—the dull coasters of the north, the light polacres of the southern seas, the high and ponderous Indiamen, and most conspicuous of all, the long dark hulls of the far-famed navy of Elizabeth the scourge of the haughty Spaniards, the vanquishers of the invincible Armada. Nor was this all; for down the centre of the noble stream floated a train of barges—freighted with blazoned banners, and proud minstrelsy—thronged with the fairest and noblest of the land, escorting the most renowned monarch of the age—the lion majesty of England. For a moment, the pale mourner raised her eyes and gazed upon the pageant, as though perchance it might have some connexion with the subject of her hopes, her fears. But with a faint and melancholy smile—a smile at her own foolish fancy—she cast them down again, withdrawing herself into what had become her world—the memory of the past. The gilded train swept onward, minstrels, and guards, and nobles, Leicester and Essex, and the matured philosophy of Bacon, and the deep policy of Burleigh, and the rising ardor of young Raleigh, and, more wondrously inspired than all, in a plain garb and humble barge, the godlike intellect of Shakspeare. The pageant passed in its gay course, the cheering multitudes rolled onward, the loud music gradually subsided in the distance. The glittering boats and waving banners, one by one, rounded a projecting headland, and were lost to sight. But as they turned that point, another pageant met them, gayer and nobler than their own. A brigantine of beautiful build, though of slight tonnage, led the van, close-hauled on a light wind—decked out in pomp that put to shame the humble splendor of England's royal progress. Her foresail and her coursers glowed with the richest hues of crimson—velvet and eastern damask; while the top-sail flashed out in the sunlight, one sheet of cloth of gold. From her main-top St. George's cross streamed proudly backward, pointing, as it were in triumph, to the line of prizes that might be seen studding the bosom of the river for a mile in length; while from the fore there was displayed a pennon of broad silver bearing the name of Cavendish.—Her tops were filled with mariners, clad not in the rude vestments of the sea, but in more cost-

ly fibres than the proudest beauty of the court might boast. Behind her sailed a Spanish caravella of four times her burden, with the royal blazonry of Phillip reversed on every mast, and over each the glorious flag of England's patron Saint—and after her six galleons, with the ensigns of Castile and Leon in the same humble neighborhood, to the same victorious banner—the rear was brought up by two fairy looking barques, scarce longer than the long-boat of a modern flag-ship, low-waisted and half decked, but well armed, with good brazen guns, and better manned with dauntless British hearts. On they came, with no music but the heart-felt tones of their exulting shouts, the thrice-repeated clamor, alike of England's revelry and wrath, and the continued salves of their triumphant ordnance.

'God's death!—whom have we here?' cried the proud queen, 'methought, erewhile, that I was queen of Britain!—Speak, my lords, speak! whom have we here, and what means this!—'slife! they are over bold!'

'Yon pennon bears the name, so please your grace, of Cavendish,' returned her chamberlain, the aged earl of Hunsdon, 'but whence, or why this pageant, your highness is informed as well as we!'

'A madcap comrade this of mine, so please your gracious majesty I may be bold to speak,' exclaimed young Raleigh from the stern of the next barge, wherein he sat, promoted beyond his rank or bearing by the favor his goodly person and gay wit had found in the eyes of Elizabeth—'a madcap comrade, and fellow roisterer of mine own, and a most brave and noble gentleman to boot, of honest lineage, and one time of wealth to watch it!'

'Well thought on, and well spoken,' answered the queen shortly, but not angrily, 'which wealth, an I forget not, he most wildly squandered, and then sought our grace a charter to forray on our Spanish foes beyond the line!'

'A thriftless prodigal, your highness,' interposed the bishop of London, who had listened silently so far. 'Your grace is over-merciful, an' you arrest him not for this unseemly boldness!'

'Go spell your Greek, my lord,' retorted the queen sharply, and the diminished prelate hung his head, while Raleigh whispered, loudly enough that his words reached her ears.—

'And if he be a prodigal he hath the luck of him i'the Scriptures!'

'How sayest thou, sir?' cried the queen, 'how hath this roisterer the luck?'

'I did not mean, so please you, that mine idle fooling should reach your highness's ears!' answered the young courtier, half abashed.

'God's life—out with it, man, unless it be foul blasphemy!'

'Not so, your grace: I would but have suggested that this prodigal hath found some very goodly husks, and needeth not a father to kill for him a calf—he hath killed calves enough, I trow, of Phillip's, to satisfy him one while.'

'Go to, sir she replied, but evidently not in displeasure—you are over-malapert, I trow, as my lord Bishop yonder is over-pious. But come, your reverence, we will go aboard, and there confess this prodigal. And see, he hath some grace—for lo! he man's his yards, and fires his salute. Up with your helm, knave sternsman, we will aboard him!'

And at the word the royal barge bore up towards the brigantine; but on the instant a light skiff was launched and the vessel's yards swung slowly round, holding her stationary—a brilliant figure leaped lightly from the gunwale, and at the motion of his hand the efforts of six brawny rowers drove the fleet cutter through the water, with almost perilous velocity. In a moment's space, he was beside the royal barge—it was the Rover—his noble features gleaming with honorable pride, and his fine form set off to the best advantage by a garb of rare device. His head was bare, and in his hand he bore a cushion of rich velvet, supporting seven rapiers bound together by the pennon of Castile!

'May it so please your highness to pardon a rough soldier's ignorant boldness, and to receive, in token of his loyal heart, and hand devoted to your service,' he said in tones of proud humility, 'these trophies won from your grace's foemen. I have deemed it best,' he continued, encouraged by the smile that lighted up her harsh but speaking lineaments, 'I have deemed it best to offer them, before these toys,' pointing toward another cushion, bearing a massy crown of virgin gold, the spoil torn from some wild cacique, and a casket of Brazilian diamonds flashing with a lustre equalled only by their value, 'for well I knew that to a daughter of England's eighth king Harry, her country's honor must be dearer

than a clot of worthless dross, or a few paltry gems!'

'And, by the light of Heaven, well you judged, and truly! Ay, and the daughter of king Harry loves—as her father loved before her—to look upon a man! In token of our free pardon for your boldness, we do accept your gift, and tender you our royal hand to kiss. You, there, Sir Featherpate, make way beside you for your friend—We will right back to London, and we will have him with us!'

A deep flush crossed the face of Cavendish, and he evidently hesitated to accept an honor, which many a titled lord would have bartered rank and station to attain.

'How now—art deaf or stupid—or, 'sdeath! do you disdain our courtesy?'

'Tis my misfortune,' he replied, drawing himself proudly up, 'tis my misfortune, having but this instant gained your highness's pardon, to risk the loss of it forever. But, may it please your grace, I pledged mine honor, some three years ago, to meet one on the Tower stairs, this day at the noontide bell—and well I know I am awaited! May it please you, as I have somewhat ministered in my degree to the supporting of your grace's honor, to pardon me that I would hold mine own untainted!'

'To meet *one* on the Tower stairs!' repeated the queen, half musing, half in mimicry, 'A love pledge, I warrant me, and we shall next be plagued for an assent to some fool marriage!—Well, be it so. In with thee, man, beside thy quondam fellow there, mad Raleigh—nay, falter not—God's life, we have spoken, and *will* be obeyed. Thou shalt abide thy meeting, and we will witness it. Give way there, oarsman, and see you row us lustily and let your triumph follow us, Sir Rover, for, on mine honor, Caesar never led a nobler!'

Great was the wonder of the citizens when they beheld the royal train so suddenly returning—again the ramparts of the Tower were manned; again the queen's barge was saluted by the peal of mingled music and artillery; but this time the gentlemen of the household, with their partisans, were landed at the stairs, lining them on either hand—and the queen's barge came to, and with majestic port and lion-like demeanor she stepped ashore. The lieutenant of the Tower had hurried down to meet his mistress when the form of Rosaline, still lingering against

the flag-staff, and now almost despairing, for it lacked but a few short minutes of the appointed hour, caught his eye.

'What trumpery have we here?—away with her, ye villains!—do ye not see the queen?' and as he spoke he hurried down the steps, while one or two of his attendants advanced some, what roughly, to perform his bidding—but the quick eye of Elizabeth caught the movement.

'What coil is this, my master?—Touch not the wench, or ye shall smart for it—'fore God, a noble hussey, and a comely—You, there, Sir Rover, is this the one you spoke of?'

But ere he could reply, the poor girl's eye met his—heedless of form, or fear, or usages, she rushed past the queen, and falling on his breast, 'Cavendish!'—she cried, —'William!—oh God, can it be possible! Merciful, blessed Lord!—and overpowered by the sudden revulsion of her feelings, she fainted in his arms—while he, the dauntless and the daring Rover, knelt down, supporting her upon his bosom, and

the hot tears of gratitude and joy rained from his eyes upon her beautiful pale features.

'Lend me thy sword, lord Hunsdon—it hath done me service in its day—uncalled for. Soh!' as she received it, 'aye, and hath shed blood for my father—none better to reward the brave!'—and, with a brighter smile than she was wont to wear, she smote Cavendish upon the shoulder, and that too so roughly, that he started from his abstraction with a bewildered air.

'Soh—you have found your wits at last. And now—when it shall please you, if ever, to arise—arise, SIR WILLIAM CAVENDISH!—in guerdon of your valor, I do dub you knight. I need not, I trow, bid you to be brave, or fortunate, or faithful—since, strange to tell, you are proved all the three already. But seeing you can boast a plentiful lack of wisdom, I do command you to be wise! And so stand up, Sir William, and you may make this fainting one of yours, MY LADY, when you list. I warrant me, 'twill be to-morrow.'

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,

The Prince

BY HENRY COCKTON.

PART XVII.—CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TRIAL.

The day fixed for the trial at length arrived, and no lawyer was ever more anxious to meet his foe than George was to face his accusers.—He was, however, calm and collected: he exhibited no eagerness no haste; he looked like a man self possessed, and firm in the consciousness of innocence.

Having entered the court, which was crowded to excess—his case having excited an extraordinary sensation—he bowed to the magistrates, of whom there were upwards of thirty present, and then addressing the chairman firmly but respectfully repeated his objection to be tried by him, and begged to remind him of the fact of his having been subpoenaed as a witness. The chairman smiled and bowed with an affectation of politeness, but stated his firm determination to preside; and notwithstanding George mildly pointed out the indecency of this determination, when he had sworn that in consequence of his intimacy with Sir Richard and other collateral circumstances connected with the indictment, his mind was so prejudiced against him, that he could not have before him an impartial trial, he remained still immovable.

The jury was then sworn, and the case for the prosecution was opened by the most formidable of the three counsel arrayed against him,

and the display of virulence on the part of that learned individual throughout his address surpassed all his previous efforts, albeit virulence formed one of his chief characteristics.

This malignant address was repeatedly interrupted by the counsel employed by George to watch the case, and much angry discussion arose between him and the counsel for the prosecution; but on such excellent terms was that gentleman with the chairman, that every appeal was decided in his favor. George's counsel also took some objections to the indictment, and raised several points of law; but while the former were overruled, the latter were invariably decided against him: the chairman even refusing to take a note of them, that the opinion of the judges might be taken thereafter, declaring his competency, and insisting upon deciding the whole case himself: indeed, it soon became manifest that George's objection to be tried by him was not raised without sufficient grounds.

At length the opening address was concluded, and the first witness called was Sir Richard. A powerful feeling of revenge was developed in his countenance as he entered the box, and the manner in which he gave the whole of his evidence, proved clearly that if he could have taken George's life, he would gladly have done so.

At this period the alteration of the law which forbade counsel to address the jury on behalf of

the prisoner in cases of felony, had not taken place; but when Sir Richard had given his evidence, the counsel whom George had engaged, strongly advised him to leave the cross-examination of the witnesses to him. George, however, still refused, not in consequence of any feeling of self-sufficiency or presumption, but solely because he had witnessed the influence which the chairman possessed over all who then practiced in that court, and this refusal was rendered more firm by the strong recommendation of the chairman himself that he should leave the whole case in his counsel's hands.

The cross-examination of Sir Richard then commenced, and George conducted it with calmness and infinite tact. He drew from him every circumstance connected with the mode in which Tynte obtained the bills, and the manner in which he became acquainted with Joseph; and although he more than once threw the hot knight into a towering passion by drawing answers from him which tended to weaken his case, he himself stood perfectly unmoved.

Several witnesses were then called to prove that certain letters were in George's handwriting; but although these witnesses had been hired for the purpose, they failed to attain the object proposed, for while George made it manifest that those letters were forgeries; he made the parties who had sworn that they had been written by him, admit that they had never before seen his handwriting in their lives.

At length a desperate attempt was made by a witness, who had been brought from the Fleet for the purpose, to prove that the body of one of the bills was in George's handwriting. The proof of this, however, the chairman seemed anxious to avoid—conceiving that if that were established, the indictment would not stand, as it would make George a principal in the transaction. He therefore, after the fellow had been searchingly cross-examined, admitted that his evidence ought not to be received, and lectured him severely on his unblushing temerity in presenting himself as a witness in the case.

George now every moment expected to hear the name of Joseph Broadbridge called, and exalted in a feeling of certainty that he should be able by cross-examining him to make his innocence apparent, but while he was thus exulting, the name of Cavendish echoed through the hall, which utterly amazed him.

It will here be right to observe that although this man Cavendish had been included in the indictment for conspiracy, in that for felony his name was omitted. He had been tampered with by Joseph, who had promised him not only a sum of money, but perfect protection, if he consented to swear that he had been induced to endorse the bills at the joint solicitation of Tynte and George in order to remove the appearance of collusion between them, that two hundred and fifty pounds only passed through his hands from George to Tynte, and that he received fifty pounds for his endorsement.

Cavendish had, when this proposition was made, represented to Joseph the risk he ran of being contradicted in his evidence by Bull, who

was perfectly cognisant of the whole affair; but Joseph in addition to the threat held out of indicting him also for felony in the event of his refusing to give evidence to this effect, pointed out to him that in order to counteract the weight that would attach to Bull's evidence, he being a man of known respectability and wealth, his character also must be assailed, and the whole of his transactions with George placed in a dishonorable light. Cavendish seeing that this might be done, and dreading the threatened indictment for felony, consented, and made up his mind to do all in his power to blast the reputation of both Bull and George.

The opening speech of the counsel for the prosecution prepared the minds of the jury for a disclosure of this kind, but no allusion whatever was made in it to Cavendish; for while they were anxious to take George by surprise, they were exceedingly apprehensive that at the last moment Cavendish would refuse to come forward, although they knew that he was under strict surveillance at a public-house in the vicinity of the court. During the few moments therefore that elapsed before he made his appearance, the anxiety expressed in the countenances of those who were engaged in the prosecution was apparent to all. He did however eventually appear, and having entered the box, became perhaps the most accommodating witness that ever stood before a jury. He had made up his mind to swear to anything in the world—he had come quite prepared to swear to anything, and therefore having at the suggestion of counsel assailed the character of every man connected with the transaction, but more especially that of Bull, he swore solemnly that it was George who had sent for and bargained with him to become the endorser of the bills; that the transaction took place in the presence of Tynte; that the reason assigned by George for wishing to have his endorsement was, that it might not be supposed that he and Tynte were connected; and that the terms being agreed upon, he received the sum of fifty pounds from George, on the express understanding that, should any inquiry be made, he should state that he won the amount of the bills at play, and took them to George for discount in the usual manner.

Having gone through all this in the most polished style, and with his customary tantological embellishments, George coolly proceeded to his cross-examination.

'Well, Mr. Cavendish,' said he, and that gentleman shuddered at the sound of his voice; 'you are of course aware that you have sworn to all this?'

'I have the honor to be aware that I have done so.'

'And you have also the honor to be aware of its being, from first to last, utterly false. But do me the favor to explain to me how you became involved in this transaction.'

Cavendish turned an inquiring eye to the box in which Joseph was sitting, and having been answered by a frown, replied, 'Oh, yes—certainly—why—yes, of course you sent for me.'

'Whom did I send?'

'Why—let me see—oh!—why, that fellow Tynte.'

'That you solemnly swear?'

'Eh?—Oh, yes!'

'And you came to my office in consequence?'

'Oh, yes—I came to your office.'

'With Tynte?'

'Why, of course. Now, you'll do yourself no good. Take my advice as a friendly friend, now, and ask no more questions.'

'I have not, Mr. Cavendish, done with you yet. You came to my office, and I gave you the sum of fifty pounds for your endorsement.'

'You know that you did.'

'You swear that I did?'

'Oh, yes!'

'In the presence of Tynte?'

Cavendish looked instinctively round to see if Tynte was in court, and having satisfied himself that he was not, returned his usual answer, —'Oh, yes!'

'Did you not call upon me with those bills in your possession?'

'Most decidedly and undoubtedly not.'

'You did not ask me to discount them for you?'

'Discount them for me! How came you to think of such a thing?'

'You will swear that you did not?'

'Oh, yes!'

'Nor did you, I suppose, leave two other bills with me for discount?'

'Two other bills! Why, I never heard of such a thing. It's all entirely new to me!'

'What was your object then in calling a few days afterwards, and stating in the presence of Mr. Bull that you received those bills in the regular way of business?'

'Bull? What's Bull? Who'd take his word for two-pence? You know he'd swear to any thing; you know it as well as I do!'

'All this is quite irrelevant, Mr. Cavendish; your object, and that of those who employed you, is, I perceive, to tarnish the character of Mr. Bull, in order that the evidence he is about to give may be doubted. That must be perfectly evident to the gentlemen of the jury; and therefore in your anxiety to accomplish that object you will signally fail. My question to you, sir, was this: what was your object in calling a few days after I had discounted the first two bills, and stating that they and the two you had left with me for discount had been received by you in the regular way of business?'

Cavendish, whose faculties were greatly confused, although nothing could shake him from the grand points to which he had been instructed to stick, looked at Joseph and then at Sir Richard, and then at the counsel, and then suffered his eyes to wander independently about the court, until George exclaimed, 'Look at me, sir!' and the chairman, in order to keep up the appearance of impartiality, desired him to 'attend to the prisoner;' when he turned, and said, 'What was it?—what did you say?'

George repeated the question, and Cavendish declared that it was the first he had ever heard of it.

'Do you mean to swear, sir,' said George, 'that you did not call and make that statement?'

'It's all foreign to me!—Greek and Italian: I know no more about it than an infant baby.'

'That you swear?'

'Oh, yes!'

'Then,' said George, who was utterly disgusted with the wretch, and felt sure that the testimony of Bull would be abundantly sufficient to convince the jury that the evidence of him who stood before them ought not to be received, 'I have no other questions to ask you.' And Cavendish went down with the utmost alacrity, delighted at having been so easily let off.

This being the last witness for the prosecution—and the general impression in the court was that he was not the witness of truth—the chairman, it being then half-past-five, proposed that the court should adjourn for an hour, in order to obtain some refreshment, and George was accordingly removed from the bar to the prison, in which he partook of a moderate and hasty meal, and made the most of the little time he had in preparing his defence, which he knew he should be called upon to deliver, the very moment the court re-assembled.

It may here be remarked that the chairman, in his haste to adjourn the court for dinner, neglected to swear an officer to take charge of the jury, and to prevent them from holding communication with any save themselves; and that the consequence of this neglect was, that on their way from the court to the tavern at which they dined, Sir Richard, Joseph, and Bounson, mixed with them, and after having had some conversation together, they seemed to understand each other extremely well. This good understanding they endeavored to effect unobserved, but it was noticed by several persons, although the fact was not communicated to George till after the trial.

At seven o'clock precisely he was again placed at the bar, and when the jury had been re-sworn, the chairman, addressing George, announced that the time had arrived for him to make his defence. A smile of triumph at this moment was observed to play upon the lips of the chairman, sufficiently indicative of the feelings within him. However, silence having been proclaimed, George bowed to the chairman, and turning to the jury, addressed them impressively thus:

'Gentlemen of the jury: I am now called upon to address you in defence of my liberty and character as a man; but before I advert to those points which form the grounds upon which they have both been assailed, I would submit that the prejudice created against me not only by the numerous placards that have been issued, but by the scandalous aspersions of the public press, in which my name has been constantly associated with swindlers and felons, the high legal talent by which I am opposed, and the anomaly of the law which, while it enables a prosecutor to have counsel to address you, denies that privilege to a prisoner, are difficulties which to a man like myself having neither pretensions to elquence nor experience in giv-

ing public expression to my thoughts, are of no ordinary character; but, gentlemen, they are difficulties which, while I crave your indulgence for the imperfect manner in which I may address you, I trust that I shall have sufficient strength to surmount,—strength derived alike from the consciousness of innocence and faith in the power of justice and truth. I do not, however, appear before you as a suppliant: I ask you for justice alone. My object is not to obtain an acquittal by virtue of flattery on the one hand, and entreaty on the other, but to convince you of my innocence of this crime: for an acquittal, should I fail in this object, would be as much perjury on your part as would a condemnation if I should succeed. You have, gentlemen, heard of my connexion with the actual prosecutor in this case: you have heard that I am married to his only daughter: it is for me to inform you that he has never been reconciled to us since the day of that marriage. Heaven knows that we have done all in our power to effect a reconciliation: Heaven also knows that I became involved in this transaction; that I discounted these two bills of exchange solely in order that a reconciliation might be thereby promoted. Now, gentlemen, there is a person at present in court named Joseph Broadbridge. He is one of the claimants to a certain property: his cousin, whom it is my intention to call before you, is the other. This man, as I have the most direct evidence to prove, employed Tynte to obliterate the entry of a certain marriage, which alone was required to establish his cousin's claim. He knew that this had been discovered by me; that I alone had the means of restoring that entry, and that I supplied the funds necessary to prosecute the suit now pending. This, gentlemen, may at first sight appear to be irrelevant; but I have letters to show that, dreading Tynte on the one hand, and knowing on the other that I had at my command the means of establishing his cousin's claim beyond doubt, he suggested this scheme of obtaining these bills from Sir Richard, in order that he might involve Tynte and myself in destruction, and thereby get rid of us both. As this, however, gentlemen, will presently be more apparent, I will at once proceed to the root of this charge, for the purpose of showing—although I wish to avail myself of the fact—that the indictment itself cannot stand. Gentlemen, I am indicted for felony for having received these bills, knowing them to have been stolen; and in order to support this indictment, there are three distinct points to be established; the first being the crime of stealing; the second, the identity of the thief; and the third, my guilty knowledge. Now I hold, in the first place, stealing to be taken from another by force or against his consent, that which is his; and it is, I believe, admitted in all cases of stealing, that there must be a trespass. Now what are the facts of this case as proved by Sir Richard himself? Why these. Having negotiated for the loan of a sum of money by letter, the parties meet with a view of carrying the conditions of that negotiation into effect. And where? Not

at the house of Sir Richard. No—and therefore he cannot plead surprise—they meet by appointment at a place five miles from his residence; so that in order to be robbed he rode five miles to meet the thief, and that, moreover, for the express purpose of having that effected which he now calls a felony. Well, having met, the alleged thief produces his own stamps, and Sir Richard having previously entered into a contract, positive and defined, accepts the bills, the condition being that he shall receive a sum of money on a certain day, so that in reality he gives to the thief. He then hands back, or allows the thief to take back, the stamps thus accepted, expressly for the purpose of enabling that thief to raise money on them. To talk of stealing after this is absurd. What did the alleged thief steal? The stamps were his own property while not even the ink was the property of Sir Richard, for that belonged to the people at whose house they met. It may indeed be alleged that at the time these bills were given there was no intention on the part of him who received them to remit to Sir Richard any part of the proceeds—but this does not prove the act of receiving them to have been a felony. You have from Sir Richard's own lips the clearest possible evidence of a contract and therefore the charge of felony is without the slightest foundation. Sir Richard agreed to give and did give the use of his name on condition that the person to whom he gave it should at a future time pay to him a certain sum of money. The fact, therefore, of that condition not being fulfilled proves a breach of contract, but certainly not an act of felony. I now come to the second point, namely, the identity of the thief. What evidence has been adduced to prove that Tynte is the person who represented himself as Mordaunt? Sir Richard, indeed, has sworn he is the man, but how can he possibly know that the person with whom he is corresponded and whom he knew only as Mordaunt is Tynte, when according to his own declaration he has never seen him since? He cannot know, although he has sworn that he does; and I submit that this is a point which ought to be established, and for this reason: I am indicted to-day for receiving bills, knowing them to have been stolen by Tynte. to-morrow he may turn round and say, having made a mistake, I must indict you again for receiving the bills, knowing them to have been stolen by Mordaunt.—The third point, gentlemen, is my guilty knowledge. How has this been proved? What particle of proof has been adduced? That perjured man Cavendish has sworn that I received the bills from Tynte—but even assuming this to be the fact, which it is not, how can he possibly tell that I knew them to have been stolen? Did he know that they had been stolen? If he did, it places him in a most uneuivocal light: but, gentlemen, the only fact from which my guilty knowledge can be inferred, is that of the bills having been in my possession; and if this be deemed a proof of guilty knowledge, why then Mr. Bull, or even the bankers to whom he sent them, may with equal justice be indicted for

felony. Thus, gentlemen, I have shown that the stamps were the property of the person who represented himself as Mordaunt; that the fact of Sir Richard's writing upon them did not make them his stamps; that after they had been thus written upon, Mordaunt brought them away with the consent and approbation of Sir Richard; that a contract positive and defined was entered into between them, and that delivery of these acceptances by Sir Richard to Mordaunt, was his part of that contract; that if Mordaunt were now standing by my side the only charge that could be substantiated against him would be a breach of his portion of that contract; that when the bills were taken away, being accepted in blank, they were of no definite value; that Mordaunt has not been identified in the person of Tynte; that there is no proof that when I received the bills I had any guilty knowledge of the way in which they had been obtained, and that, therefore, the present is no case of felony. Upon these grounds, gentlemen, alone I am intitled to an acquittal; but I have no desire to avail myself of them: my object is to convince you, and thus to convince the world, that my share of this transaction has been perfectly honorable and straightforward; and in order that you may be convinced, I now proceed to explain to you the way in which the bills came into my possession, the chief features of which explanation are about to be proved on oath. On Friday, the 15th of May, Cavendish called at my office, and producing two bills, enquired if I knew the parties, and whether I would cash them. Perceiving that they were accepted by Sir Richard, and fancying that if they were held by me it might lead to a reconciliation, which as a means of increasing the happiness of my life, I was exceedingly anxious to effect, I consented to cash them; and when Cavendish called at one o'clock the same day, I gave him a cheque for the amount, deducting five per cent., which I now beg to submit to your notice in order to show how much more I gave him than two hundred and fifty pounds, which he has sworn is the amount he received. On the following day he called with two other bills, dated the same day, and for the same amount as those, and I had discounted, which I naturally thought strange; but being anxious to possess them all, I desired him—that being Saturday—to call on the Monday, and wrote to Sir Richard by that night's post, to inform him that I had discounted two of the bills, and that two others had been offered which I should be equally happy to discount in the event of his assuring me of the transaction being correct, which letter Sir Richard has this day admitted that he received. No answer was returned; but as I expected one daily, I, in order to have the money ready, got Mr. Bull to pay into his bankers' the two first bills with the understanding that I was to have a cheque for the amount when required. He did so; but on the Wednesday he received a communication to the effect that Sir Richard had been defrauded of those bills. I no sooner heard of this, than I accompanied Mr. Bull to the banker's; and

having explained to the entire satisfaction of the principal how they came into my possession, Mr. Bull and I returned to my office, where Cavendish was waiting for an answer respecting the other two bills. I then enquired how they came into his hands, and he answered—In the regular way of business. I asked him whom he received them from, and he replied that he was not at liberty to say. I then told him that I had received information of their having been fraudulently obtained, and that I therefore expected to have the amount of the cheque I had given him returned; to which he replied, that he knew nothing of it—that he would go and see about it, and then let me know; but I saw nothing more of him until he was brought to the New Prison on the indictment for conspiracy. All this took place in the presence of Mr. Bull; and you will hence understand why he displayed so much anxiety to assail the character of that gentleman. Knowing him to be the only witness I have that can prove that I had no guilty knowledge of the way in which the bills had been obtained, his object in attacking his reputation was to diminish the weight of his evidence. And now let me revert to the originator of this base conspiracy, Joseph Broadbridge. Gentlemen, no sooner did that man hear from Tynte that I had discounted two of these bills, than he obtained an interview with Richard, whom he had never seen before and, with a view to my destruction, prevailed upon him to come up to town, and commence proceedings against me forthwith. We had just given notice of motion before the Lord Chancellor, to try the question of the entry of the marriage, and on the application of Broadbridge, that motion was postponed for ten days; he therefore saw that no time was to be lost; and having ascertained that no reconciliation had taken place between Sir Richard and myself, he conceived it to be a fine opportunity for getting me out of the way, and with that view made him his dupe. He had explained to Tynte that my ruin was his object, and promising to protect him, actually gave him an asylum in his own house; but as Tynte soon discovered that his object was to secure him when the time arrived for sacrificing him as well as me, he left the house, and has never since been seen. You will therefore, gentlemen, perceive the whole of the bearings of the case. If you ask yourselves why the man Broadbridge should have moved at all in this prosecution, you will find a ready answer. He knew the revengeful disposition of Sir Richard—he knew him to be especially vindictive towards me; he knew that by working upon his feelings he should prompt him to do all of which he was capable with the view of promoting his own base object, and he has not been deceived. You may, gentlemen, think that I speak with unwarrantable harshness; but when a man has been persecuted as they have me; when he has publicly denounced as the leader of a gang of swindlers, then accused of forgery, then thrown into prison, then indicted for conspiracy, and then tried for felony as I have been, and being, as I am, innocent of all, it is enough not only to

make him employ bitter words, but to cause him even to close his heart against every kind and charitable feeling. There is nothing, gentlemen, that could be done having a tendency to accomplish my ruin that has been left undone by them. They have strenuously labored to inflict upon me the most grievous injuries that man has the power to inflict upon man. Happily, however, their labor will soon prove to have been in vain, for I now leave the facts of this case for your reconsideration, in the full conviction that justice will promptly enable me at once to restore happiness to my home.'

During the impressive delivery of this address, both Joseph and Sir Richard were exceedingly restless. They had evidently no expectation of such an address being delivered; they seemed to feel that had withered every hope they had cherished—that it had grasped so powerfully every point, that the indictment must of necessity fall. On meeting, however, the furtive glance of the chairman, whose complacent smile appeared to them to be utterly inexplicable under the circumstances, they in some degree rallied; and when Bull was called, they reinspired hope, and became again tranquil, for while they knew him to be an extremely nervous man, they had been led to believe their counsel would literally frighten him out of court.

In this they were, however, deceived. Feeling that the safety of George, whom he knew to be perfectly innocent, depended upon his evidence, and knowing it to be absolutely necessary for him to stand forth boldly in defence of his own character, which had been throughout the trial so violently assailed, he, contrary to all expectation, and to the utter surprise of those who had known him for years, and who had felt quite sure that he would be in a dreadful state of excitement, appeared calm and firm.

On mounting the witness-box, however, he turned to George, and instantly burst into tears. He could not for the moment repress them. He entertained towards him the feelings of a father; he viewed him in fact as a son.

To say that George was not touched at this moment were to say that he possessed not the heart of a man. He did feel it deeply. He could firmly bear up against oppression, whatever shape it might assume, but he could not be firm before sympathy's tear.

'No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears—
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For other's woe down virtue's manly cheeks.'

Impressed, however, with a deep sense of the great duty to perform, Bull soon became tranquil again, and with firmness during his examination detailed the manner in which he and George became acquainted, the nature of the connexion existing between them, and the various transactions in which they had been engaged; omitting no opportunity of placing George's character and conduct in the most favorable light, affirming his conviction that George was utterly incapable of a dishonest or dishonorable

act, and declaring that so firm and so unbounded was the confidence he had in his integrity that he would, without the slightest apprehension, intrust to him all that he possessed. He entered minutely into the circumstances connected with George's possession of the bills, explained the readiness with which he accompanied him to the banker's, described all that occurred during their interview with Cavendish, the weight of whose evidence he utterly destroyed, and boldly denounced both the wily Joseph and Sir Richard his miserable dupes.

Of course he underwent a searching cross-examination by the counsel for the prosecution, but the old man firmly passed through the ordeal unscathed; not a particle of his evidence could be shaken, and as he smiled at George to cheer him on leaving the box, applauding murmurs filled the court.

The next witness called was Fred. He of course could give no direct evidence on the subject of the bills, but he substantiated all those collateral points which George had been so anxious to establish. He was, however, extremely pale and tremulous, and when speaking of the kindness, the noble generosity of George, the tears trickled fast down his cheeks: in fact, his feelings so completely overcame him, that he was eventually carried senseless out of the court.

Several other witnesses were then called by George, among whom was the curate, whom the counsel for the prosecution extremely puzzled; but the effect of his evidence, as well as that of the rest, was to show that George was a straightforward, honorable man, who would scorn to commit the crime for which he then stood indicted.

The witnesses for the defence having given their evidence, the counsel for the prosecution rose to reply. He stated that he had listened to the address delivered by the prisoner with mingled feelings of pity and disgust; that he had before no idea that any creature having the semblance of a man, could be found with sufficient audacity to address a jury of his countrymen—composed of twelve highly intellectual men in a style so presumptuous, illogical, and absurd; that all his reasoning was false, all his premises baseless; that he evidently imagined the jury to be absolute idiots and fools—than which nothing could be a more unpardonable insult; that he sought to screen Tynte, who, according to his own admission, was steeped to the lips in infamy and crime; and that the greatest proof that could by possibility be afforded of the prisoner's villainy and blackness of heart, was the fact of his having labored to blast the reputation of the father of his own wife.

'Look at the felon,' said he, 'look at him. Has he aught about him to lead you to believe that he is anything but that which the respectable witnesses for the prosecution have described? Has he the appearance of an honorable man? Does he not look like what he is—the leader of a band of atrocious ruffians—the acknowledged prince of swindlers?'

George here appealed to the chairman, but that gentleman in answer to that appeal, stated that the liberty of the advocate he ever had, and ever would maintain.

'Oh! let the galled jade *wince!*' continued the counsel for the prosecution; 'and much it delights me to find that he wreathes beneath the infliction of the lash of truth. It convinces me that during the period which is about to be assigned for the expiation of his innumerable offences, he will see the necessity for repentance, and become a better man. Heaven grant that he may yet be reformed, that he may yet do all in his power to make atonement for his crimes! You have, gentlemen, all of you heard of Poyais: you have heard of the misery, the wretchedness, endured by the victims of the atrocious Poyais speculation: but, gentlemen, you have not heard that this very man—this prisoner now standing with an unblushing front at the bar, was the actual originator of that execrable project; and yet, gentlemen, such is the fact. It is he who conceived that infamous scheme—it is he who had the heart to carry it into execution: it is he who induced with golden promises hundreds of poor men, women, and children to leave their native land, to leave all that was dear to them on earth to inhabit a desolate island—a perilous swamp, where disease and death yawned to receive them. Look, gentlemen, I beseech you, at the frightful accounts received from these miserable victims of avarice: behold their appalling condition; picture to your mind's eye a scene in which hundreds of our poor fellow-creatures lie groaning on the brink of starvation, without the slightest prospect of relief, without hope, save in Him whom they pray to for death, and then turn to the prisoner at the bar—the cause of all their calamities—the wretch, who, for his own aggrandisement plunged them into misery—and say, if as Christians, as fathers, as husbands, as men, you can feel yourselves justified in letting him loose upon society again to pursue his atrocious career.'

Again George appealed to the chairman, again he represented the heartless injustice of the course which the counsel was pursuing, but the chairman still refused to interfere.

'Gentlemen,' pursued the counsel for the prosecution, 'you perceive the effect of an unvarnished statement of facts; you perceive the effect of unpolished truth upon the prisoner at the bar. Is it for a moment to be supposed, I ask, gentlemen,—is it for a moment to be admitted to be possible that if he were really an innocent man he could be capable of feeling these just observations so acutely? No, gentlemen; innocence is so shielded that truth cannot wound it: innocence and truth are akin. But his object has been the suppression of truth, but in this case that object shall not be attained. I have, gentlemen, thus proved, satisfactorily, that the prisoner at the bar is guilty of the crime with which he is charged. I have proved that, on becoming acquainted with the heavy misfortunes of his own wife's father—who in the country in which he resides is held by all to be

the pattern of amiability and benevolence—he basely, heartlessly, infamously sought to complete his ruin by robbing him, or rather by causing him to be robbed of the very means by which he hoped that that ruin might be averted. If, therefore, you believe that such a man is fit to remain in this country; if you believe that he ought to continue thus to plunder the unfortunate—to prey upon innocence and worth, and to involve the inexperienced in destruction, you will acquit him; but if you feel—and from the intelligence you have displayed, and the high respectability of the stations which you occupy, I am convinced that you do feel, that such a man ought not to be permitted to pursue his iniquitous career, you will return the only verdict which justice can prompt you to return—namely a verdict of 'Guilty.'

The jury here looked at each other and evidently felt quite confused; but the chairman immediately began to sum up, and they then, of course gave their attention to him. In the first place he adverted to the affidavit which George had made to the effect that he could scarcely hope to have in that court a fair trial, and soon induced the jury to believe, that although the charge appeared to be aimed at him, it was in reality aimed at them. He then alluded to the alleged incompetency of that court to decide the various points of commercial law which had been raised, and distinctly put it to them, whether they felt themselves incompetent to understand and to decide any one of those points. 'If, gentlemen,' said he, 'you do feel that incompetency—if you are conscious of the existence among yourselves of that ignorance which the prisoner at the bar indirectly ascribes to you speak. But really, gentlemen, this, in my judgment, is a case which might be satisfactorily decided by men far less intelligent than yourselves. I cannot see any serious difficulty to surmount. The case appears to me to be a commonplace one. While every point seems to be perfectly plain. Indeed I see no points upon which a doubt can be entertained, and I am therefore at a loss to conceive the real object of the prisoner in endeavoring to induce the belief that we are incapable of understanding, and incompetent to decide them. But the prisoner seems to have various crochets in his head which—and I am sure you will agree with me, gentlemen,—it would have been better had he repudiated before he entered this court: he appears to pride himself upon them—to depend almost solely upon their virtue—but on reflection, I am sure he will see that they are not worthy of his attachment.'

He then proceeded to recapitulate minutely those parts of the evidence which tended to place George in an unfavorable light. He then alluded to the 'obstinacy of the prisoner,' in insisting on the conduct of his defence, instead of yielding to the judgment of his counsel, who was so much more capable of doing justice to it; and instanced the effect of this obstinacy by stating, that at a particular part of the trial, had the case been in the hands of his counsel, he would have insisted on the acquittal of the

prisoner, it having been sworn that the filling up of the bills was in the prisoner's handwriting, which would have made him a principal; whereas, in the indictment, he was only stated to be an accessory after the fact,—a receiver of the bills, knowing them to have been stolen. In alluding to the evidence of Cavendish, he admitted that he had disgraced himself, but declared that the chief points of his evidence affecting the prisoner had not been shaken; and that although upon some portion of it a doubt had been raised by the witness Bull, who had been so mixed up in the various speculations in which the prisoner had been engaged, he would leave the jury to decide what weight they would attach to the evidence of that witness. He then dwelt upon the probable inducement the prisoner might have to obtain revenge against Sir Richard, in consequence of his having discarded his daughter. 'He appears,' said he, 'to be an extremely benevolent kind man; but incensed beyond measure at the conduct of the prisoner, in having, as he firmly believed, seduced his only child, his wounded honor warring against his natural feelings as a parent, evidently induced him to act as he did. It has been stated that attempts on the part of the prisoner have been made to effect a reconciliation, and I have not the smallest doubt of that statement being correct; but then the prisoner and his witnesses have endeavored to show that the fact of those attempts having been unsuccessful, proves Sir Richard to be a 'tyrannous and most vindictive man; and thereby, to induce you gentlemen, to believe that the only motive which prompted him to promote this prosecution was that of revenge. Now it is not for me to stand forth in defence of his conduct it is not for me to attempt here a vindication of his character; but which of you, gentlemen, would feel under the circumstances justified in becoming reconciled to any man with such a reputation as that which the prisoner has acquired? Which of you could, with any regard to your own character, associate with one who had obtained such a degree and such a species of notoriety? You could not do it; you dare not do it: that desire which is implanted in the breast of every virtuous person would prompt you to stand aloof lest such an association should render you equally notorious. You dare not do it therefore in justice to yourselves as men—but when to this natural indisposition to be supposed by the world to countenance a man with such a reputation, you add the poignant feelings of a deeply injured father,—you cannot feel surprised at his being inexorable. You will perceive, therefore, gentlemen, that this attempt on the part of the prisoner and his witnesses to prove that, because Sir Richard, possessing the feelings of a wounded father, and being justly apprehensive of being supposed by the world to countenance the acts of one who had acquired so unenviable a reputation—refused to associate with him, he has been actuated in this prosecution by the spirit of revenge, has most signally failed.'

And thus he proceeded without touching a single point upon which he ought to have dwelt.

The jury then retired; and having been ab-

sent half an hour, returned and when silence had been proclaimed, pronounced a verdict of GUILTY!

The very instant this verdict—which seemed to throw almost every one in court into a state of amazement the most intense—had been pronounced, Sir Richard started from his seat, and with a fiendlike smile of satisfaction, stared at George as if his eyes were about to start from their spheres, with the view of conveying to him an idea of the happiness with which he then felt inspired. This, however, passed almost unnoticed, for at the time the whole body of the court was in a state of agitation, while murmurs of disapprobation swelled into a groan.

This natural expression of indignation having been eventually checked, the chairman addressed George as follows.

'Prisoner at the bar—you have been convicted after a lengthened and impartial trial by an intelligent and patient jury of your own countrymen, of the crime of felony, and I am sure that no person who has heard the whole of the evidence can entertain a doubt of your guilt.—From the evidence adduced, it is very apparent that yours has been a long career of crime. You have taken advantage of the speculative spirit of the age to lead hundreds to their ruin, and in one particular instance you have left your unhappy and too confiding dupes to die of poverty and disease in a foreign land. Avarice has been your God—it has tempted you on from crime to crime, until at length you have been induced to take advantage of the age and misfortunes of one who, as father of your wife, it was your duty to help and support. It has been clearly proved in evidence that you planned one of the foulest conspiracies that ever disgraced human nature, and combined with a set of men equally worthless with yourself to prey on the necessities of the unfortunate. You have thereby reduced your wife—whom all must pity—to a state of utter destitution, for it is hardly to be expected that her situation will be relieved by her father, whom you have so grossly, so heartlessly wronged.'

At the description of poor Julia's destitution the audience sobbed aloud, it being evident that the object of the chairman was to increase George's misery by alluding to 'the situation' of his wife; and having gone on in this strain for nearly half an hour, harrowing George's feelings in every possible way, he concluded by saying, 'The sentence of the court is, that you be transported beyond the limits of the seas for a term of fourteen years, to such place as His Majesty, by the advice of his privy counsel, may think proper to appoint and direct.'

During the passing of this sentence, and more particularly while allusion was being made to the destitute and forlorn situation of his Julia, it was evident to all that George was sinking. He clung convulsively to the rails of the bar for support, while he seemed choked with agony; and when the sentence had been passed he fell senseless into the arms of the officer, who carried him from the bar to one of the cells beneath the court, while the chairman assumed the air of a man conscious of having completed his duty.

THE ANCIENT REGIME.* A New Novel.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

Author of 'The Gypsy,' 'The Robber,' 'The Gentleman of the Old School,' etc. etc. etc.

First American Reprint.

Not far from the great church of Notre Dame, somewhat behind it, but still a little to the right of that building, is a narrow street which has suffered little variation, except inasmuch as the shops, with which it was filled at the time I speak of, are now very much fewer in number than they then were, and are almost entirely devoted to the sale of such ornaments and utensils as are generally appropriated to the church. Sacramental cups and calvers, crosses of all kinds, even the pastoral crook of the bishop, and the pix itself, are still there displayed; but at the period of my story, every article worked in gold or silver was there to be found; and multitudes of trinkets of all kinds were ranged in the shop windows, all along a street, every house of which was then the property of a goldsmith or a jeweller. At the corner of this street, in the best and largest shop that it contained, where one might just catch a view of solemn Notre Dame, rising blue and airy over the neighboring houses, might be seen daily old Gaultier Fiteau, the famous jeweller, goldsmith, and money-changer. He was notorious for wealth, avarice, unscrupulous roguery, and the most delicate and tasteful goldsmith's work in Paris. He was of a harsh and sour disposition, also, to all who came under his rod, pitiless to the poor, but submissive with the rich, and grasping eager with all men. He was capricious, too, and would sometimes do a good action as if merely for a change; and the only permanent habit which bore the appearance of virtue in him was that of occasionally endeavoring to interest the rich in favor of the poor, and thus, as it were, to give alms by deputy. It was reported, however, that it was dangerous to trust Monsieur Fiteau with any donation for another, there being a certain oblivious power in his brain, which made him forget to give away any thing that he had once received, and, even when reminded of it, enabled him not to recollect the exact amount.

It was to his shop, then, that Pierre Morin now hastened, bearing the basket which he had completed during the preceding night. The little shrivelled old man, the ugliness of whose countenance was only increased by an immense bear-skin cap, received the poor filigree-worker with an angry and malevolent scowl. Much was the abuse he poured on the head of the artisan, for the time which he had occupied in producing the basket. He called him an idle and good-for-nothing fellow; declared that he would be brought to beggary by his laziness; and dwelt upon the idea of good Pierre Morin being reduced to utter starvation with the tone and manner of one who would receive from such a sight the utmost glee and satisfaction.

* Continued from page 612.

Pierre, who had a large fund of good humor, bore all that the goldsmith said with the most perfect calmness and tranquillity; but when Fiteau asked him, or rather commanded him, to produce another basket exactly similar to the one he brought, in the space of three days, the good artisan, remembering his promise to the Abbe de Castelneau, and that he had received some part of the money in advance, declared that he could not do it, assigning the true reason, that he had such another trinket to finish for a gentleman who had bespoke it.

This reply enraged the goldsmith to the highest possible degree, not so much because he wanted the basket soon, as because he was made indignant and apprehensive by the very thought of a mere artisan getting any larger share of profit than he chose to assign. He stormed, he raved, he grinned, and he declared that unless Pierre abandoned the work altogether, he would never employ him again, even if he were starving.

Pierre remained firm, however, and thus they parted, the artisan resolving to do nothing else till he had prepared the basket for the abbe, in case it should be required. The abbe did not appear, however, and the basket remained on the filigree-worker's hands. Nevertheless, though it seems strange to say, he contrived to support himself well for nearly a month, without having recourse to Monsieur Fiteau; but the secret was this, that the nobleman on whose estates he was born, and who, seeing him a clever and intelligent youth, had paid the expenses of his education, and enabled him to learn the trade at which he now labored, chanced to be at Paris about this time; and Pierre having presented himself at his patron's house, though he never mentioned or even hinted at his poverty either to the gentlemen himself or his only surviving daughter, received from each a present, which enabled him and his wife to live for the time we have stated with all the careless gaiety of French peasants, enjoying the sunshine of the present hour to the very full, and not giving even a thought to the clouds of tomorrow. At the end of the month, however, poverty began daily to present herself under her most painful aspect; and the filigree-worker, had he been one of those who are inclined frequently to ask for assistance, which indeed he was not, could not have obtained it in the same quarter, for the nobleman who had befriended him, and his daughter, had left Paris for a distant part of France ten days before.

He sat, then, one evening in April, fireless, supperless, and penniless; and after first gazing in his wife's face with a melancholy look for some time, and then down upon the uncovered

table, he started up, exclaiming in a gay tone, 'Diable! I will go to old Fiteau!'

Margiette did not try to dissuade him, though she very much feared that his application would prove vain; and, tossing on his hat with a light step, the buoyant, of which no poverty could take away, good Pierre Morin proceeded rapidly to the shop of Fiteau, which he feared might be closed before he arrived.

He found the usurious old goldsmith bustling about in his shop, putting away this article and that, and winding up all his affairs for the night. One half of the shop, which looked towards Notre Dame, was closed, and the other partly so, though two or three of the heavy iron-bound shutters were still down, in order that the nice calculator of expenses might not be obliged to light his lamp so long as there was one ray of light left in the sky. A boy of about fourteen years of age, the only assistant of any kind that he kept, and who served for clerk, shopman, porter, and every thing else, was aiding his master to the best of his abilities, while a low irritable growl on the part of Fiteau showed that the lad's most zealous exertions were not successful in satisfying his master.

As soon as Pierre Morin entered the shop, Fiteau began upon him in a sharp tone, exclaiming, 'Ah! you idle scapegrace, I thought you would soon make your appearance again, expecting me to employ and assist you, when I have lost more money by your laziness than enough. Here, if you had been working for me, you might have gained half a louis between this time and twelve to-morrow. Here is a gold filigree bracelet to be made for the old Marquise de Pompan, who goes to Versailles at one o'clock to-morrow, and will not wait a minute.'

'Well, give me the wire,' said Pierre Morin, 'and I will do it before then. It is a mere nothing to work a bracelet: there is not half the labor in it that there is in a basket, such as I wrought last.'

'I will not trust you, I will not trust you,' replied the goldsmith, 'you good-for-nothing fellow. I am just going to send the boy to your companion Launoy, to tell him to come hither and do it. I will not trust you either with the gold or in regard to the time.'

The assertion in regard to Launoy, indeed, was altogether false; for that workman had not quitted the shop ten minutes before, loaded with more work than he could possibly accomplish in the time allowed him. All the other workmen usually employed by old Fiteau were also fully occupied; and the thought of losing the order for the bracelet had been lying heavy at the old miser's heart, when the appearance of Pierre Morin had given him a hope of seeing the work accomplished. Knowing, however, that the good lady for whom it was intended was of a tenacious and irritable disposition, he determined to find some means of guarding against any sort of idleness on the part of the filigree-worker, and he consequently took good care not to show his satisfaction at seeing him

again, but continued to abuse him as bitterly as ever.

'I do not want to take the work from Launoy,' said Pierre Morin, 'if he wants it.'

'Oh, no, no,' interrupted the old goldsmith, fearful of overacting his part, 'he does not want it: he has plenty of work every day in the week; but it is, that I cannot and will not trust to you, you idle vagabond—but come, I will tell you what I will do,' he continued after a moment's pause, 'Out of pure compassion, and for no other reason in the world, I will give you the work, if you will stay here and do it, and never go out of the little workroom there, till it is done.'

'And I am to have half a louis when it is done,' said the filigree-worker. 'Is that to be the bargain?'

'Nay, nay, I said eight livres,' replied the goldsmith: 'half a louis is too much.'

'Not a whit for gold work,' said the filigree-worker, who began to perceive that old Fiteau was somewhat more eager in the business than he pretended to be. 'I will have that, or I will go elsewhere. It was what you offered at first, Master Fiteau.'

'Well, well, you shall have it,' replied the usurer. 'Get you in, get you in, and I will lock the door upon you to guard you against your own bad inclinations—keep you out of temptation.—Ha, ha, ha!'

'Why, you do not suppose that I would steal all these things of yours' if you left me here all night?' demanded Pierre Morin, pointing to jewelry scattered round.

'I don't know, I don't know,' answered the goldsmith. 'Pretty things to look at, Master Morin—very tempting things—very tempting. I do not know that I might not steal them myself, if they were not my own. Safe bind safe find, Master Morin—safe bind safe find. I never leave any one in my shop when I am out of it. Here is an ounce of wire, and half a pennyweight of Venice gold—but where is the blow-pipe? Oh, here it is in this drawer: the rest of the tools you will find there, and a lamp; there is some charcoal, too, and some crucibles.'

Pierre Morin listened with a quiet smile till the old man had done; he then answered, however, 'All very good, Master Fiteau; but I must go home and tell my wife before I begin. Why, she would be looking for me in the Morgue to-morrow morning.'

'Nonsense, nonsense,' replied the goldsmith: 'do you pretend to say that you never stay out at night without her knowing where you are?'

'Never, upon my life,' replied Pierre Morin; 'never since we were married to this hour, and that is six years ago, come the Saturday before

*The place now called the Morgue was known by this more appropriate name in those days. It may be as well to state, for the benefit of persons not thoroughly acquainted with the topography of Paris, that it is the place where are exposed the corpses of unknown persons found dead, in order that they may be identified by their friends and relations. The writer of these pages has been in it several times, and seldom found it untenanted.

Martinmas. I promised her I never would, and I always keep my word, Master Fiteau.'

Except when you have work in hand, scape-grace,' cried the miser, with a laugh. 'But get you in, get you in. I will send the boy to tell your wife where you are. He has some twenty errands to do in the town, and has got to take up a crucifix and two rosaries to a house in the Rue Montmartre, so that he goes by your door.'

'Then you must send her a livre to get her some supper, Master Fiteau,' said the filigree-worker: 'she will want some comfort if I am not there.'

It was with considerable difficulty that Monsieur Fiteau was induced to agree to this part of the bargain; but Pierre Morin saw that he had the advantage of his avaricious employer, and he would not go into his place of labor till he had seen the old goldsmith give the livre into the hands of the boy, and had made the boy promise to deliver it the first thing, assuring him that he would skin him alive if he did not keep his word. He then whistled a few bars of the last song which had been produced upon the Pont Neuf—my French readers will understand what I mean—and walked before the goldsmith, through a little back parlor, where Fiteau took his meals during the day, (for he slept in another part of the town, and possessed no portion of this house but the ground-floor,) into a small confined workshop, where was a little furnace well supplied with crucibles, and a table covered with various lamps and manifold kinds of tools. There was some little dispute between Fiteau and his workman as to the quantity of oil and coal that was necessary; but this being settled, Pierre Morin addressed himself seriously to his work, and Fiteau, creeping out of the room with his usual quiet and stealthy pace, was heard to lock the door behind him as if he had been the gailor of a prison.

Pierre Morin went on with the bracelet; but presently finding the room too hot, he jumped upon a table and opened a small high window of about a foot square. He then returned to his work; and with the happy art of abstracting his thoughts from all subjects but that which was immediately before him, he gave himself up to the enjoyment which always proceeds from the practice of an art in which we are skilful, and for which we have a taste.

He was thus deep in the admiration of all the lines and figures he was working in the gold wire, when a sound struck his ear which made him pause for a moment. He resumed his work instantly, for he knew there was no time to spare, but he had scarcely taken another turn when he again listened—started up with a look of surprise and horror—looked to the door—recollected it was fastened—gazed up to the window—saw that it was barred—and then, seizing one of the instruments from the table, darted quickly to the other side of the room and put his hand on the lock.

CHAPTER V.

Let the reader call to mind the description which we have given of the premises occupied

by the goldsmith. There was the outer shop, with a long counter on either side, and a narrow passage between these two; behind that again was the inner shop, or little parlor, and from it, through a small door, one entered the workshop, into which Gaultier Fiteau had locked the filigree-worker. All these rooms, except the shop, had windows so strongly barred that no human power could find the way in and out, except by the legitimate entrance! and the shop itself, open during the day, was secured at night by shutters covered with plates of iron. It may be remembered, that when Fiteau shut up the filigree-worker in the inner room, these shutters were principally closed. Two or three, however, were still down at that time; and before the goldsmith suffered his boy to depart upon the numerous errands he had to perform, he made him aid in putting up these cumbrous defences, and fastened them tightly on the inside. The door of the shop did not bear the dignified decoration of plate glass, or any of those appearances by which shop-doors at present are distinguished from other doors, but was made of solid oak, studded and bound with iron, like the doors of a prison; and strong must have been the hand, or cunning the device, which got it open when once it was closed.

As soon as the goldsmith had seen the shutters completely up, he found his way by the faint light which came in through the still open door, to some small sparks of fire that were glimmering on the hearth in the other room; and, lighting a lamp, gathered together all the various articles which the boy was to carry to their several destinations, put them into a closely covered basket, hung it on the lad's arm, and despatched him on his way, while he himself bustled about his counters and drawers, placing every thing in order, and all under lock and key.

When the boy issued forth into the street, knowing well the goldsmith's habits and character, he took care to close with scrupulous exactness the door of the shop behind him, and then, safe from watchful eyes, he paused, looking round him on all sides, and enjoying the first moment of idle relaxation and freedom from the sharp superintendence of a careful and somewhat scolding master.

It was the twilight of an April evening: there was a calm bluish shade in the air which spoke of repose and peace; the busy labors of the Parisian world were all over; and as the boy looked up the street and down the street, calculating which would be the best and most amusing way to go—though in fact there was little difference between them—he beheld not a creature either to the right hand or to the left, and heard not a sound but distant murmurs from other parts of the city, and the clock of Notre Dame striking seven. The momentary pause which he made, however, brought a group of three people into the street on the left hand; and although there could be very little matter in their appearance to excite the lad's curiosity, yet he turned in that direction as soon as he saw them, and must have passed close by them, had

they not slowly crossed over the way in earnest conversation as they came near. The shadiness of the street, and the dark hue of the evening hour, prevented the boy from seeing as clearly who and what they were as he could have wished to do; for he was naturally of an inquiring disposition. One thing he did remark, that they seemed to be three gentlemen of good mien and apparel; and, after giving them a steady and inquisitive glance, the boy passed on. He stopped at the nearest corner, however, to look back; but after a moment's halt went forward again, and soon reached the more thronged and gayer part of Paris, where, by pausing to gaze at every thing that attracted his attention, stopping to talk with this person and with that, and employing with considerable success all those means which boys about his age generally use for getting rid of the great adversary, Time, he contrived to loiter away the moments till half-past nine o'clock of the same night.

In the mean time, old Fiteau soon brought the work of arrangement to a conclusion, and only remained in the shop to sum up, with his usual care, the loss and gain of the day, which he generally did upon a slate every evening, copying it into a large vellum-covered book the first thing on the following morning. This night, however, he was suddenly interrupted in the midst of his calculation by a noise, as if some one laid his hand on the lock of the outer door. The moment he heard it, the old man took a step forward from the other side of the shop with an eager look and trembling limbs, intending either to lock or bolt the door. But before he could effect that purpose, the entrance of the blue twilight showed him that it was too late. The appearance of a face that he knew the moment after, relieved his anxiety and apprehension, although the surprise and alarm which he had at first felt left his heart beating, and his hand still shaking.

'Ah! monsieur le chevalier,' he exclaimed, addressing the personage who entered, and who was a tall powerful man, with a pale, worn, and somewhat sinister countenance,—'you surprised and startled me. Did you not know I never do any business after my door is shut? Did the boy tell you I had not gone home?'—

'No, indeed,' replied the chevalier, who had been followed into the shop by another person somewhat less in size, but equally powerful in frame. 'We did not see your boy. If he be out, I suppose you have no one who could carry something home for me were I to buy it?'—

'Not I, not I,' replied the goldsmith somewhat impatiently. 'Good evening, count,' he added, bowing low to the other; and then resuming his reply, he said, 'I have no one to send till to-morrow—besides, I never sell by lamp-light, and it is time for me to go home.'

'If you never sell, do you buy, my dear Fiteau?' said the man whom he had called count, coming forward with a dull, unpleasant smile, which had far more of sneering contempt in it than either courtesy or kindness.

'No, no,' replied Fiteau, 'I neither buy nor sell at this time of night. Come, gentlemen,

I must go home—I will talk to you by the way,' and he moved a little towards the door. But the other two remained still in the way, and the one called by Fiteau the count, replied with the same cold smile, 'No, no, my dear Fiteau, you must not go home till you have done what I want. I am hard pressed for a little money to-night, and you must give me a hundred louis for this snuff-box. You know it well, and the diamonds upon it. If the cards are lucky to-night, I will take it back from you to-morrow, and pay you twenty louis to boot.'

'I declare,' cried Fiteau, at the first impulse, 'I have not a hundred louis in the place.' But the moment he had said it he repented; for there was a sort of haggard and ominous expression about the countenances of his two companions which gave him some vague alarm in regard to the consequences of offending them; and he likewise knew that the snuff-box was worth much more than the sum required.

'That is a lie, Fiteau,' answered the count, the moment the other spoke; 'for you know that you made the Abbe de Castleneau pay you five hundred louis not three hours since, whether he would or not, and well nigh ruined him, poor fellow.'

'I have paid money since, I have paid money since,' exclaimed Fiteau; 'it was to discharge my own debts I made him pay his:—why did he change his lodging and hide himself?'—

As he spoke, Fiteau remarked the eyes of his two visitors turn towards each other, with a look that he did not at all like; and after a moment's pause, he added, 'Well, well, I will see what I have got, I will see what I have got. I may have some ninety louis, if that will do.—Let me have the box. The money is in that next room.'

The count gave him the box, and the old man turned with a hasty step towards the little parlour, feeling, if the truth must be told, not for the key of the chest in which his money was kept, but for the key of the room in which Pierre Morin was at work. The moment he passed on thither, the two men who had entered his shop spoke a few rapid words to each other; the one saying, in a low tone, 'Now, chevalier!' and the other replying, 'No, you, you!—I will do the rest!'

'Shut the door, then!' cried the count; and before the poor old goldsmith could reach the entrance of the workshop where Pierre Morin was locked in, a strong arm was thrown round him, a hand put over his mouth, the outer door of the shop closed, and the second villain was also upon him.

There is strength even in despair: the old man dropped the lamp which he carried, and which was instantly extinguished, got his mouth free for a moment, and gave a loud cry for help. Then finding that he could not liberate himself from the arm that held him, by a straightforward effort he slipped down in spite of that strong grasp, avoiding a blow that was aimed at his head by one of the assassins, which hit the other on the breast, and made him still farther relax his hold. All was now darkness,

and, under cover thereof, the wretched old man strove to escape to the street door, but he was instantly caught again. Then came the terrible struggle for life or death, the writhing, the striving, the loud and agonised cry, the dull muttered curse, the faint groan, the gasp of anguish and destruction. Both the assassins were upon the ground bending over him so eager in the terrible deed they were performing, that they knew nothing, heard nothing, but the sounds created by themselves and their victim. Scarcely, however, had the last faint cry passed from the lips of the miserable man, when a sudden light burst into the room, and one of the murderers instinctively started up. Before he was prepared to resist, however, or to act in any way, a tall powerful man was upon him, and he was struck to the ground by the blow of a hammer. The chevalier was upon his feet in a moment, as soon as he saw his companion fall; and dropping the knife, which was wet with the heart's blood of poor Fiteau, he drew his sword upon Pierre Morin, while the count struggled up again upon his knee. The artisan, unarmed and over-matched, darted past them; but he would not have escaped unhurt, had not the assassin, in lunging at him, stumbled over the prostrate body of the murdered man and fallen, dying himself in gore with which the floor was covered.

Seizing the opportunity. Pierre Morin darted into the outer shop, banged to the door which separated it from the little parlor or counting-house; and though one of the villains pulled strongly from the inside, he succeeded, by a great effort, in keeping it closed with his left hand till he had turned the key in the lock with his right.

When this was done, the good artisan put his hand to his brow to collect his bewildered thoughts, and then felt his way, with his brain whirling and his breast oppressed, to the door of the shop, which he opened, and went out into the air.

The moment that he stood beyond the threshold, a man wrapped in a dark cloak appeared beside him, demanding eagerly, 'What was that cry? Was the old man there? You have not killed him?' Scarcely were the words uttered, when he seemed suddenly to perceive that he was speaking to a stranger, and darted away at full speed.

Pierre Morin stooped to pick something up from off the ground, and then instantly gave the alarm, shouting loudly for aid, and ringing all the bells of the houses round. A crowd was soon gathered; men and women, porters, lackeys, gentlemen, and merchants, poured forth from their houses, and listened with wondering ears to the tale of the artisan.

The shop of poor Gaultier Fiteau was surrounded by the crowd, and the lieutenant-general of police was sent for; but till he came, Pierre Morin could not prevail upon any one to enter the house, although he represented to the multitude that the old jeweller might not yet be dead: such was the feeling of awe which the population of Paris entertained at that time to-

wards the police. Very speedily, however, the lieutenant-general appeared in person with manifold officers and flambeaux, and having heard the story of the artisan, he spoke a word or two to one of the persons who accompanied him, and proceeded with his own hand to open the door of the house. A pause took place while the lieutenant, taking a torch in his hand, looked in, but all was vacant and as silent as the grave. The chief officer of the police then advanced between the two counters, followed by the rest, without a word being said. He stopped a moment to gaze at a small dark stream of blood, which found its way out from underneath the door between the shop and the parlor, and muttered to himself, 'Here is evidence of the deed.'

He then unlocked the door and threw it open. The moment he did so, however, two men burst forth, and made a violent effort to break through. The lieutenant-general of police himself was knocked down, and some of those behind him recoiled. But the moment the count and the chevalier saw the exempts, their courage seemed to abandon them, and they were taken in a moment. On examining the room, it was found that the unfortunate goldsmith was quite dead; and—whether it was that the two men, supposing any persons who came to apprehend them would be without lights, fancied they might escape better in the darkness, or whether, as some people imagined, the sight of their own deed was too horrible for them to bear—it is certain that they had put out the lamp which Pierre Morin had left lighted in the workshop, and had thus remained for a considerable length of time, it would appear, in the midst of darkness, with the body of him they had killed lying close beside them.

What had been their sensations?—what had been their thoughts during the interval?—Nobody has ever known; but it is evident that they had conferred together as soon as they had found that it was impossible to escape from the scene of their crime, and had arranged the story they were to tell, or rather the account they were to give of the event which had taken place.

As soon as the lieutenant-general of police had raised himself from the ground, on which he had been cast by the furious rush of the two criminals, he ordered them to be removed and kept separate; and at the same time, after speaking a few words to one of his exempts, he nodded to Pierre Morin, saying 'I will talk with you father, presently.'

The good artisan was somewhat surprised to find the exempt take him by the arm and lead him away from the scene in which he thought that the information he had to give might be most particularly required. He was still more surprised, however, to find that he was to be carried to the house of the lieutenant, and shut up in a room by himself, with very little difference between him and the criminals against whom he was to bear witness.

The room in which he was placed, indeed, contained a bed; and for that luxury poor

Pierre Morin would have been even more grateful than he was, if he had been thoroughly acquainted with all the transactions which, from time to time, took place in Paris under the paternal care of the police of the French metropolis.

CHAPTER VI

The mind of the good filigree-worker was not one to be impressed easily with feelings of apprehension. He thought it very strange and very disagreeable that he who had given the first alarm, who had aided with such effect to seize the murderers, who was the only living witness, in fact, of the crime, should thus be detained in solitude, with the key of the door turned upon him.

With natural lightness of heart, however, he soon forgot the small evils of his situation; and after revolving for some time all the horrible images which the scenes of that night had presented to his eyes, he exclaimed '*Peste!*' three times, and having thus satisfied the goddess of wonder, he cast himself down upon the bed, and fell sound asleep. He was still quietly and happily slumbering, when the morning light began to shine through the high window, and one of the agents of the police, entering without being heard, gazed at the sleeping artisan for a minute or two, as if to read on his countenance the secrets that might be in his bosom.

Nor is it at all improbable that such was really his intention, for every thing in that day was a matter of espionage through the whole city of Paris. The very thoughts of men were subjects of minute investigation by the government; and it was supposed that all things could be performed by the cunning inquisition of the police into the actions, ideas, and feelings of the citizens. Not the judge upon the bench—not the minister in his cabinet—not the prisoner in his dungeon—not the prodigal in the lowest resorts of vice and iniquity—was without a spy nearer to him than he imagined, marking all and sometimes revealing all. In such circumstances, it may appear that no evil could be committed, no crime take place, unpunished; but yet both occurred every day. The mass of wickedness, vice, and folly, was perhaps greater than at any other period, and in proportion very few offences were brought under the eye of the law.

Two causes combined to produce this effect. In the first place, with an active and clever nation, art naturally met art; and, in the space of fifty or sixty years, the police had actually drilled and trained the people to outwit them on very many occasions. It might be perfectly well known to the lieutenant-general, that such and such a priest or abbe had been in this or that abode of licentiousness, and yet the lieutenant might have no idea of what criminal or treasonable meeting he had been at half an hour before or afterwards. In the next place, the honorable society of *mouchards*, as the spies were called in France, had its own particular rules and regulations, its own peculiar habits and prejudices—vested rights and pri-

viliges, which were very frequently extremely inconvenient and annoying to the officers above them. A certain portion of information they felt themselves bound to afford; but they would afford no more, unless they were either very highly paid for it, or some special case was pointed out, in regard to which the police really wished to get accurate and complete information. The general mass of wickedness which they discovered, and indeed the particular instances of crime, either committed or meditated, were seldom, if ever, revealed unless some great object was to be gained; so that it is clearly ascertained, many a man has been allowed to go about Paris for three, four, five, or six years, when his life was entirely in the hands of six or seven infamous spies, whose views and purposes it did not suit to inform the police against him.

It sometimes happened that small or large bribes were given to procure this immunity; but, more frequently still, the reticence of the *mouchards* was not at all mercenary; for they were a philosophical race of men, and saw things in an extended point of view. They were, indeed, so fully and generally convinced of the necessity of crime and wickedness of all kinds for the encouragement of their trade, and for the extension of their emoluments, that they would have been very sorry indeed to have given any serious discouragement to vice. They looked upon the world, in short, as a great orchard, where sins were produced for their benefit; and though they might gather the fruit, they would have been very sorry indeed to cut down the trees.

Let it be remembered, all this time, that I am speaking alone of the city of Paris, which—although the citizens looked upon it as 'France,' and both in their speech and motions had a certain confusion of ideas upon the subject, which made them believe that Paris comprised every thing in the world, and that France was only a small quarter or portion of it—Let it be remembered, I say, that I am speaking alone of Paris, which was not, after all, the whole country. For a certain distance in the environs of the capital the influence of the French police and the system of espionage was felt. All the very large towns too, of course, aped the metropolis in its public and its private vices; but there were wide tracts of country to which the system of espionage did not extend; and respecting which, as was afterwards lamentably proved, the French government possessed no information whatsoever, as far at least as regarded the wants and wishes, habits and character of the people.

To return, however, from this long digression to good Pierre Morin and the agent of police. The latter—who had been originally a *mouchard*, and had afterwards been elevated to the dignity of an exempt, without losing his taste for the science to which he had originally addicted himself—having gazed, as we have said, for some time upon the countenance of the filigree-worker, and being satisfied by all he saw that the man was sleeping the sleep of in-

nocence, pulled him by the arm and woke him with a sudden start. 'Come, come, sir,' he said, 'get up! the lieutenant of police wants to speak to you directly. You must come and tell what you know of this murder last night.'

Now every Parisian who was not a *mouchard* bore a vast share of hatred and enmity to all individuals of that class, and scarcely less to officers of police; and Pierre Morin, consequently, was not at all disposed to hold any long conference with his companion. He shook himself in silence without feeling very much discomposed by having slept in his clothes, and followed to the especial apartments of the lieutenant-general of police, where he was detained some time in an antechamber without seeing that officer.

At length, however, he was summoned to the great man's presence, and found him sitting in his bed-room, robed in an embroidered dressing-gown, and eating various savoury ragouts as a preparation for the labours of the day. It may seem that such a place and such a time were not very fit to receive the deposition of a witness in a case of murder: but things were so done in Paris in those days; and the lieutenant of police thus lost no time in eating his chicken and his sweetbreads, drinking his burgundy and water, and questioning Pierre Morin with the most admirable perseverance and determination.

Although a lieutenant of police was always a very awful sort of personage in the eyes of the lower order of Parisians, and even of the higher classes also, yet the good artisan was seldom without having all his wits about him; and he answered the questions which were asked of him with veracity, clearness, and precision. He told his tale not only truly but accurately; for though at first sight truth and accuracy may seem to be the same thing, yet in operation they are very different. Many a man who tells a story which is perfectly true is not believed, because he fails to put all things in their proper order, to add all the particulars which elucidate the facts and give the whole the air of verity. Pierre Morin, however, entered into all the details, informed the lieutenant of his visit on the preceding night to the unhappy man who had been murdered, related their conversation with so much point and truth that the officer himself smiled at the painting of the character of old Fiteau, which was well known in Paris; and the artisan then proceeded to tell how the goldsmith had locked him up in the room, in order that his work might be done by the time required.

'I know not well,' he continued, 'how long I had been there, when I heard what I thought a cry, which seemed suddenly stifled. I persuaded myself it was nothing, however, and went on; but I had scarcely given the pincers a turn when there was a terrible sound of struggling in the next room, and I heard the voice of old Fiteau, crying 'Help, help! murder, murder!' There were bars upon all the windows, so there was no way to get out but by the door. As I knew that was locked, and it would take time to break the fastening off, I snatched up

one of the chasing chisels, and with it forced back the lock. When the door was open, I found the other room all dark, but the lamp I had been working with lighted it up in a minute. The first thing I saw was the poor old man upon the ground, with two men dressed like gentlemen on their knees over him; one squeezing his mouth and head down upon the floor with his hand, while the other seemed stabbing him with a knife. The minute I came in, one started up —

'Stay, stay,' said the lieutenant—'you say stabbing him with a knife: their swords were not drawn then?'

'No, no,' replied Pierre Morin, 'there were no swords drawn at that time; not indeed till I had knocked the man down with my hammer, who first started up.'

'Where is the hammer?' demanded the lieutenant.

'Here,' answered Pierre Morin, taking it out of his pocket, and giving it to the officer, who held out his hand for it.

'Go on,' said the lieutenant,—'what happened next?'

'Why, then,' replied Pierre Morin, 'the other, who was upon his feet by this time, rushed at me, drawing his sword; but poor old Fiteau helped me at that pinch, though he was as dead as St. Genevieve, for the scoundrel stumbled over him before he could run me through with his rapier. Thereupon I scrambled out of the door as fast as I could, and, banging it to, locked it upon them. They struggled hard to get it open, but they could not; though, if they had not been two fools, or else stupefied by what they had done, they would have soon picked the lock with all the tools that I left there. In the mean while I ran out of the shop and gave the alarm; and you yourself, monseigneur, know all the rest.'

It will be remarked, in this account, that good Pierre Morin did not think fit to say one word—on the present occasion, at least—concerning the person whom he had seen on the outside of the door. It might be forgetfulness, it might be a certain feeling of compassion or good-nature which made him not wish to implicate a man, of whose guilt he had no certain proof, in so terrible an accusation. There was no necessity, it is true, of saying any thing more unasked, for as soon as he had given the mere details of the murder, the lieutenant of police began to question him in a closer manner.

'So,' he said, 'you intend me to believe all this?'

'Indeed I do, monseigneur,' replied Pierre Morin; 'and what's more, you do believe it, I can see very well you are not the man to mistake between truth and falsehood when they are put before you, I am sure.'

'Indeed,' said the lieutenant of police, with a sarcastic smile at the broad flattery which the peasantry of France are almost as ready to apply as the peasantry of Ireland, thinking it nothing more than common courtesy after all—'Indeed, you are certainly a man of genius, Monsieur Pierre Morin; and though you are clearly new

to the trade, you have as much impudence as the oldest *filou* in Paris. You do not do great honor to my penetration, however, when you tell me this ridiculous story of the sordid old goldsmith leaving you on his premises all night, and of your consenting to remain shut up in a room till he chose to set you free in the morning.'

'If you will not believe that, monseigneur,' replied Pierre Morin, perfectly calmly, 'pray tell me what you will believe?'

'Why, probably,' answered the lieutenant of police, 'that you are yourself one of the accomplices, left in the outer shop while your two companions did the deed within; and that, alarmed by the old man's cries, or by somebody coming, you shut the door upon the others, and gave the alarm. It was a clever trick, I must own, and, as such, should not go without its reward. If you will confess the whole, then, and bear witness against these two friends of yours, you shall have a pardon yourself, and we may do something for you. No man ever makes so good an exempt as one who has been apprehended two or three times himself. What say you?'

'Oh, monseigneur, I will bear witness against the two willingly,' replied Pierre Morin; 'but there is another, a very honest fellow, whom I will not bear witness against, and his name is Pierre Morin.'

The lieutenant of police seemed to be amused with the good artisan's quickness of retort; and being very well convinced that he had nothing to do with the murder, he dropped the tone in which he had been speaking, and said, 'Well, well, let us hear what you can really bear witness to?'

'To every thing I saw,' replied Pierre Morin. 'Not so quick, not so quick,' cried the lieutenant: 'what was the precise hour at which you went to the shop of old Fiteau?'

'I can't exactly say to a minute,' replied the artisan, 'for I neither looked at the clock nor heard it strike; but it was just that hour when the western sky is all red with gold, and the eastern is of a mouse color.'

'That is to say, about half-past six,' said the lieutenant: 'and pray what time did the boy go?'

Now although, as we have said, the criminal lieutenant was perfectly well convinced that Pierre Morin was innocent of any share of the murder, and, moreover, recollected that the artisan had said the boy was in the shop when Fiteau shut him up in the work-room, yet such was his habit of trying to entangle men in their talk, that he could not resist putting this question, simply to see what answer the filigree-worker would make.

'Just at seven o'clock,' replied the artisan at once, very much to the surprise of the lieutenant.

'Indeed!' said the officer: 'pray, which way did he go?'

'That I can't tell,' replied Pierre Morin, with a laugh—'I was shut up in the work-room, you know.'

'Then pray how can you tell at what hour he went?' demanded the officer.

'Because,' answered Pierre Morin, grinning at having puzzled the magistrate—'because I had jumped up on the table to open a bit of the small window, and I heard old Fiteau say to the boy, 'Be quick, you sloth, be quick, and do not lose time by the way.' Then, the moment the door was shut, the boy began a tune that I often heard him whistle before, but stopped when Notre Dame struck seven, because, I suppose, its song and his did not sound well together.'

The lieutenant-general smiled; for mental fencing was an art in which he took great delight, even when his opponent parried skilfully his attack. 'Bring in the boy Pierre Jean,' he said to a clerk who was writing busily at a table not far off; and the obsequious and silent noter down of other men's sayings and doings rose without a word, glided out of the room, and returned as quietly with poor Fiteau's errand boy. The youth was all aghast at the awful presence into which he was brought, and seemed just in that state in which a skilful cross-examiner can contrive to make a witness say any thing he pleases.

'Pray what were the last words your master said to you last night?' said the lieutenant-general of police. 'Mark me, the last words he said to you?'

'He said—he said,' replied the boy, looking first up to the ceiling and then down upon the floor—'he said 'Carry that to, Madame de Rohan's.' That's the last thing he said.'

The lieutenant of police grinned; but before he could interpose, the filigree-worker had exclaimed, 'What did he say to you outside the door, Pierre Jean?'

A look of intelligence came up into the boy's face at the sound of a familiar voice, and he replied at once, 'Oh, he said then, 'Be quick, be quick, and do not lose time by the way;' and he called me a sloth, too, though I always make as much haste as I can.'

It was now Pierre Morin's turn to grin, and the boy having been sent out of the room, the lieutenant of police proceeded to interrogate the artisan upon various other points. The first of these was in reference to what he had done with the instrument employed in forcing back the lock. Next, he strongly and severely cross-examined him as to which of the murderers had the knife in his hand, and which was stifling the voice of the unfortunate goldsmith at the moment when the filigree-worker made his way into the room.

To all his questions the answers of Pierre Morin were clear, definite, and pointed. He never hesitated, or contradicted himself, or varied in the slightest particular from any statement that he made; and still as he answered, the clerk at the neighboring table took rapid notes of all his replies. The character of the artisan rose very high in the opinion of the lieutenant-general of police, not so much on account of the moral rectitude he displayed—for the officer of police had no objection to a good rogue on an occasion—as on account of his quickness, precision, and presence of mind, which, as is very evident, are high qualities in

those who have any thing to do with such subjects as come under the notice of the police.

After having questioned the artisan for more than half an hour, he suddenly asked him if he could write; and receiving an affirmative answer, he made him transcribe two or three sentences, which he looked at with an approving exclamation, and then bade him go into the next room and wait for him there.

Pierre Morin found in the neighboring chamber several exempts in the dress which was at that time worn by those personages, and two other people in plain clothes, who were, in fact, officers of the police of a superior class, and less ostensible functions. These were the persons who, armed with a *lettre de cachet* and with a sufficient body of inferiors, unseen but within call, would whisper a few words with a soft air to clergyman or nobleman, warrior or magistrate, in the midst of a gay assembly or a public promenade, and the spectators would see the cheek grow pale, the smile wither away upon the lip, the knees tremble, and the eyes lose their light, as the victim of arbitrary power followed a mandate which could not be resisted.

Pierre Morin looked about for the boy, and not seeing him as he expected, he ventured to ask one of the exempts where he was. The officer looked at him with a smile, somewhat contemptuous, and then replied, 'You will soon learn, my friend, that in this room nobody asks any questions or answers any.'

'I am sure they ask enough in the other,' replied Pierre Morin.

'There is another chamber still,' replied the exempt, 'where they employ only one, but which you might find somewhat difficult to bear if you were put to it.'

This plain allusion to the torture quelled all poor Pierre Morin's gaiety in a moment, and he remained in dead silence till, after some coming and going between the room in which he sat and that in which he had left the lieutenant of police, he was taken down the stairs by one of the exempts, and put into a *fiacre*, which rolled away towards the Chatelet. At the door of that building stood the carriage of the lieutenant of police, who had preceded the artisan by a few minutes; and on passing through the small wicket into the interior of that gloomy and awful abode of wretchedness and crime, the porter whispered something to the exempt, who paused in his progress, and, seeing that poor Pierre Morin had advanced a step or two before him, he told him to stand back till he was called for. 'People get in here fast enough,' he said in a sullen tone—'you may find it more difficult to get out again.'

The good filigree-worker very easily believed the words of the exempt; and in fact his advance had been rather the effect of agitation at finding himself in such a place, than of alacrity. What he was brought there for he knew not; and although he derived some hope of not being detained there, from the circumstance of the criminal lieutenant having preceded him, yet many a vague and horrible apprehension was raised in his breast, by the sight of those dark

arches and heavy walls, which were but too terribly famed in French history. In this state of uncertainty and fear, the poor artisan would gladly have turned his attention to any thing but his own situation; and an immense large dog, with a leathern collar bristling with iron spikes, which stood beside the gaoler,* was the first object with which he endeavored to employ himself. On putting out his hand, however, to pat the animal's head, he found that it was inspired by the spirit of the place; first snapping violently at the hand that attempted to caress it, and then—after looking at him fiercely for a moment—flying at his throat with a sharp yell. The turnkey laughed, but made a sign with his finger to the dog, which instantly retreated to his master's side.

A long silence ensued; but Pierre Morin was neither of age, nor a nation, nor a character to remain long still and unoccupied; and after fixing his eyes for a minute or two on some object on the other side of the court, he moved a little towards a large heavy wooden case which stood close by the wicket. It bore evident signs of having been constructed many years before; was in shape like a very large coffin; and Pierre Morin would willingly have asked what was its use, had he not received more than one severe rebuke in the course of the morning. The eyes of the gaoler, however, followed him, and then turned towards the exempt with a grim and meaning smile.

'Do you know what that is, my good youth?' the turnkey said, at length. 'That is what we call the *crust of the pie*.'

Poor Pierre Morin was as much in the dark as ever; and, not choosing to ask any thing farther, he remained murmuring, 'The crust of the pie! The crust of the pie!'

'Ay,' said the turnkey, after having suffered him to puzzle himself with the matter for some time—'the crust of the pie; that is to say, it is the *cercueil bunnal*, the coffin of the quarter.—Now you see that when one of our pets dies, which generally happens every other day, we pop him in there at once, and send him to the burying-ground, where he lies quite as comfortably in his shroud as if he had ever so many feet of oak round about him. That is a needless luxury, too, a shroud: I don't see why we should give them a shroud—they give us nothing but trouble.'

'And do you bury them directly?' said Pierre Morin, in a low voice.

'To be sure,' replied the turnkey; 'what should we keep them above ground for? We give half an hour to make sure that it's all right, and then we cart them off. It sometimes happens, indeed, that one of our *pailloux* dies, while another is sickish, and then we wait till we see if the other won't go too; you see the crust of

* Each of the turnkeys of the Chatelet at this time was followed by one or more of these dogs, who, we have reason to believe, were taught to drive the prisoners hither or thither like flocks of beasts. They were trained, too, we are told, with extraordinary care.

† A name given to the prisoners, from their lying on straw in their dungeons.

the pie is big enough to hold more than one partridge; and, laughing aloud at his own joke, he gave the public coffin a kick with his foot, and then added, as it returned a dull hollow sound, 'It is empty now; but I put three in it yesterday—so that may do for a day or two at least.'

It is astonishing how familiarity hardens the heart of man to human suffering, and steels us against all the strange and horrible things of earthly existence; but there are some men who without any such terrible training, feel a pleasure in the sight of sorrow—derive a sort of agreeable excitement from witnessing the pangs and miseries of life in others. I once met with a man who had been the public executioner in a large city of France during the most sanguinary period of the Revolution. He had become a cripple, in consequence of wounds afterwards received in war, and had known in his own person much of the anguish and sorrow which he had formerly aided to inflict upon others; but yet, when I asked him if he did not look back with horror and regret at those times and deeds, he laughed, and said, 'Not at all; that he only wished such days would come back again, and that he were able to cut off the dogs' heads as before. His eyes, too, sparkled when he spoke on the subject, so as to leave no doubt of his sincerity.'

Such a one was the turnkey with whom the good Pierre Morin was now speaking; and although he very well understood that the artisan was not likely to remain under his gentle custody, yet he took a delight in stirring up all sorts of apprehensions in his bosom, and in presenting every painful and disagreeable object to his mind that the place could suggest.

He was not suffered to go on much longer, however; for in a minute or two after the above dialogue had taken place a messenger came to summon Pierre Morin and the exempt to the presence of the lieutenant of police. They found him at one end of a large hall, seated in an arm-chair, with two or three clerks at a table beside him, and at the other end of the room some twenty or thirty prisoners, with a number of gaolers and archers, as they were still called, though it must be understood that the bow and arrow had long disappeared from amongst them.

'Come hither,' said the criminal lieutenant, beckoning to Pierre Morin; and when the artisan had approached his side, he added in a lower voice, 'You are to understand by the words 'number one' the man who had the knife; by 'number two,' the man who held the goldsmith down. Mark all these prisoners as they pass before you; and when you recognize either of the assassins, say 'number one' or 'number two,' as the case may be.'

He paused for a few moments after he had spoken, and then made a sign to one of the turnkeys, upon which the prisoners, one by one, were ordered to march forward, and, passing before the lieutenant and those who surrounded him, to make their exit by a door on his left hand.

To the eye of a philosopher, it might have been a curious and interesting spectacle to trace,

in the aspect of those unhappy men, the effects of imprisonment, under various circumstances, upon their several characters. There was the gay light debauchee, who had found his way into the Chateau in consequence of some criminal intrigue or idle quarrel, passing on upon the tips of his toes as lightly and thoughtlessly as if he had never committed evil or endured sorrow. There was the man of deeper feelings, bowed down by the sense of crime or shame, walking forward with the eye bent upon the ground, and the flushed hectic of anxious care upon his cheek. There was the daring and brutal criminal, hardened in offences and impudent in iniquity, staring full in the faces of those before whom he passed, and seeming almost inclined to whistle, as if in defiance of the authority which he believed had done its worst upon him. Then came the dull and heavy man of guilt and of despair, who bore about with him the memories of many years' imprisonment and exclusion from all social intercourse, with the light of hope gone out in his eye and in his heart, and nothing left but tenacity of life and capability of endurance. But who was that who came at length, with a bold and even menacing brow, with a firm step and measured military tread, but withal a restless and anxious eye, and a lip which quivered—it might be with anger, it might be with apprehension?

'Number two,' said the artisan aloud, as the prisoner passed, without the slightest hesitation, and with a firm, distinct, and even solemn voice, as if his mind were much affected by the importance of the occasion, and the awful duty that fell upon him.

'Are you quite sure?' demanded the lieutenant, in a low tone.

'As I live!' replied Pierre Morin; and immediately the lieutenant made a sign with his finger to the archers, who followed the prisoner out.

Two or three others now passed in succession before the lieutenant and his party, without a word being said by the good artisan. At length, however, there appeared a personage of distinguished mien, who advanced with a graceful and easy step, slow, calm, deliberate, with no sort of expression upon his countenance which could at all indicate the feelings of his heart, unless it were a slight but somewhat supercilious smile, as if contempt for the whole proceeding mastered every other sensation.

'Number one,' said the artisan firmly; and the other, without taking any notice, passed on. Two more prisoners followed without notice; and then the lieutenant of police, rising, gave some directions in a low voice to the officers near him.

'Come hither, my friend,' he said at length, turning to Pierre Morin. 'We have seldom such fellows as you to deal with; but get you home, and rest in peace till I send for you again. Never be out of the house, however, for a whole day together, till this business is over; and if you behave as well at the trial as you have done to-day, we will give you something better to do than twisting silver wire into filigree baskets.'

CHAPTER VII.

In all the streets and alleys of the city of Paris, in the squares, and along the quays, there was a continual cry kept up during the whole of the morning of the 30th of April, by a number of men whose stout lungs had acquired redoubled power by the constant practice of shouting forth whatever was calculated to excite the curiosity of the Parisian public.

'*Arret de mort! Arret de mort!* Sentence of death!' cried the sturdy hawkers, as they ran through the streets, with bundles of printed papers in their hands, selling, for a small piece of copper, to the eager multitude the judgment of the law in the trial of the count de H— and the Chevalier de M—, for the cold-blooded and deliberate murder of the old Goldsmith, Gaultier Fiteau.

The people read the sentence with surprise and terror—for the names of both the condemned announced noble blood and high station; and the punishment, the horrid punishment of the wheel, was one which, in the memory of man, had never been inflicted on any but one of lowly race. Almost daily, indeed, the people saw one of their own class undergo the same terrible fate without wonder or horror; and many, who witnessed with their own eyes the bloodshed and the agony, prepared the very next day, by some similar crime to that of the wretch who had just expired, to take their place on the same scaffold where he had suffered.—But now—oh strange human nature!—the very same persons, who beheld the punishment almost with indifference in men of lower rank, attached feelings of awe and horror to it which it had never felt before, now that it was to be inflicted upon the nobles of the land. They, in fact, transferred, by a strange process of the human mind, the abhorrence which they should have felt for the additional guilt implied by the circumstance of education to the punishment about to be inflicted, and viewed the wheel with sensations with which they had never regarded it before.

Such was the popular feeling upon the occasion of this condemnation, but amongst the nobles themselves, still more agitation and horror existed. Pride came into play in their case,—the pride of blood, and of that rank which had long given them a certain degree of immunity in the commission of evil. The privileges of their station, they fancied, extended to all and every thing. They were indignant at the very sentence pronounced by the court; that two noblemen should be broken upon the wheel like common felons; and they doubted not—they would not doubt, that the sentence would be commuted, even if the criminals were not pardoned. At first they had the daring to ask for absolute pardon; but the stern countenance with which they were received, soon taught them that they must be more moderate, and a commutation was all that was required.

The answer was, 'It is impossible;' and now every argument and entreaty was made use of to obtain some mitigation: thousands of the nobility went to the palace; conferences were held

amongst themselves; and it was represented to the prince who then governed France, that the criminals were connected with all the first families in the land. They urged the horror, the shame and the disgrace it would be to many a high and noble person, if the degrading sentence, usually pronounced upon a conviction of common felons, should be carried into effect against two men of so high a rank. The prince was immovable, however; and to every entreaty urged upon these grounds he replied, 'It is the crime that makes the disgrace, and not the punishment.'

The fatal day arrived; and though till the last moment efforts were still made, still, at the appointed hour, the dark procession began to move from the Chatelet to the Place de Greve, and the awful scene of public execution was enacted without one particular of the sentence being omitted in the punishment of the murderers of Gaultier Fiteau. Limb by limb, and bone by bone, they were broken on the wheel by the iron bar of the executioner; and the cries of even the firmest of the two made the air around ring, till they had no longer strength to utter more than a mere entreaty for water to quench their burning thirst and for the blow of death to terminate their agony.

While this awful scene was enacting in the Place de Greve, and while it was producing its effect, not only upon the minds of those who witnessed the punishment, but upon the higher as well as the lower orders of France, our good friend Pierre Morin remained closeted with the lieutenant-general of police, talking over many matters of no slight interest to the good artisan. At length the conference closed, and the filigree-worker issued forth into the streets, and took his way towards a part of the town which went by the name of the Temple.

Not only those who had only seen him, as we have described him in the first chapter of this work, clothed in his laboring jacket and leathern apron, but those also who had beheld him in his holyday suit, ready to join the dance at the *guingette*, would have been equally puzzled to recognise our old friend Pierre Morin, as he now appeared in the streets of Paris. He was dressed in a handsome suit of black, with his hair nicely combed and cut into the fashionable shape; his hands, which were somewhat too brown, at that time, for the rest of his appearance, were covered with fine gloves; he had a small sword by his side in a black sheath, and a new hat upon his head, in shape somewhat between that of the court beau and the young lawyer. Thus adorned was the outward man of good Pierre Morin; nor did he himself at all disgrace his habiliments. His good countenance naturally appeared to better advantage in a more becoming dress, and his powerful and fine person was equally benefited by the change of his garments. He seemed perfectly at ease in them also, and walked as if his leg had never known any thing but a silk stocking, and his foot had been pressed by nothing coarser than cordovan. As he passed through the lieutenant's antechamber, some of the exempts looked at him with a grin,

but their faces became composed into decent gravity the moment that he turned towards them. On his way along the street, if any persons remarked him particularly, they might place him in their own minds amongst some of those not over rich, but rising classes, which were the general wearers of black coats at that time in Paris; the successful literary men, the poorer members of the academy, the promising artist, the celebrated musician. But the dress of Pierre Morin was well chosen, for it was of all others that which was best calculated to pass without attracting any attention whatsoever.

Thus, as he walked on towards the Temple, he brushed against more than one distant acquaintance without receiving any thing but a casual look, and not the slightest sign or token of recognition. Pierre Morin took no notice of them either; but it must not be inferred from that fact that the good artisan was one to suffer fortune to change favor. It was not in the slightest degree that he forgot or despised his former acquaintances; his heart was as warm and as kindly, as honest and as true, as ever.—But Pierre Morin had other objects in view—a new course of life was open before him—and he hoped, even in doing his duty therein, to be enabled to serve and assist some, in whose welfare he took a high and unselfish interest.

One of those whom he thus passed as he went on slowly towards the Temple was no other than our friend the Abbe de Castelnau, who was walking heavily forward, with his eyes bent upon the ground, his countenance paler than usual, and his lips shut tight together, as if some bitter and anxious thoughts were laboring in his bosom. Though Pierre Morin had sought for him anxiously, as the reader already knows, and had been much disquieted by not finding him, he would not be tempted by any consideration to stop him and speak with him now. The abbe, on his part, lifted his eyes for a moment to the artisan's face as he passed, but did not appear to recognise him in the slightest degree; and their clothes brushed against each other, without the wearers' speaking. It must be recollected, indeed, that the difference, in those days, between the dress of an artisan and that of a gentleman was very, very much greater than it is at present; so that it was not at all astonishing the abbe, who had seen Pierre Morin only twice, should not at all recollect him in his present garb. After proceeding upon the errand which took him to the Temple, a place which was then invested with the privileges of sanctuary, so far, at least, as the protection of debtors from their creditors went—for the right of shielding criminals from the arm of the law had long been done away with altogether,—Pierre Morin returned to his home, where he found his good wife, Margiette, almost as gay as a bird, in point of plumage, as herself. Leaving them, however, to enjoy the comforts of their new situation, we may as well speak a word or two more of the Abbe de Castelnau, having already mentioned his name in this chapter.

After proceeding some way along the streets, which were now nearly vacant, he was met by

one of the hawkers crying an account of the execution of that morning, before the unhappy criminals were cold upon the wheel. Numbers of people coming away from the bloody scene then presented themselves; and the abbe—who was, in fact, at this period one of the inhabitants of the Temple, on account of a small debt which he could not pay—turned his steps home, for fear he should be discovered by some officer beyond the limits of his temporary asylum. On entering the dingy chamber which he there inhabited, the woman who took care of those apartments, as well as several others, placed a small paper packet in his hand, at the address of which the abbe looked gravely, while she retired to her usual avocations.

He then turned the packet, in order to open it and see the contents. But the moment his eye rested on the seal, his cheek turned as pale as death, his lips lost their color, and the packet fell from his trembling hand. He gazed at it for a moment or two as it lay upon the ground, as if it presented some horrible sight to his eye. But then, with a sudden effort, he stooped down, took it up, tore open the seal, and, to his surprise, beheld two or three of those '*actions de banque*' which were at that period in common circulation through the French metropolis as the chief paper money of the land. The sum thus placed before him was considerable; but, on the top of the notes, was a very small piece of paper, folded in the shape of a billet, and sealed with the same seal the sight of which seemed so much to surprise him. Within the note was written, 'Abbe de Castelnau, quit Paris, and never return to it.'

There was no signature, and the hand-writing was unknown to him; but the words had a great effect upon his mind, if we may judge by the facts, that his debt was immediately paid, and that before sunset on that day he was once more out of Paris, and on his way into the south of France.

CHAPTER VIII.

'I will tell you,' says Rosalind, 'who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.' But the truth is, however, that time gallops with us all. In the impatience of our boyhood he may seem to go too slow, and in the feebleness of our age he may seem to go too fast; but, alas! his pace is very equable, as we all find at last; and skilful must be that rider whom he does not in the end leave in the mire.

It is an excellent observation of a great poet, that, let a man live as long as he will, the first thirty years of his life will always seem the longest; and the daily routine of our after years passes like the round of a clock, while the hands on the outside and the movements within mark the passing of time to others, without a consciousness thereof in itself, till the weight has run down, and the pendulum stands still.

The place, however, in which time may be made to run the fastest, is in a book, where the author, so long as he is writing it at least, by the magic wand called his pen, reigns supreme

with undisputed sway over every thing that is brought within his own particular circle. Even Time himself, the hoary-headed sage whose resistless power neither towers nor temples, thrones nor dynasties, have been able to withstand, is obliged to obey when brought under that rod, and to hurry or slacken his pace according to the writer's will. He may, perhaps, revenge himself upon the readers afterwards; but here he is under our dominion; and accordingly, I command that eighteen years should pass, as if it were but a dream, between the conclusion of the last chapter and the events which I am now about to record. Suppose yourself, gentle reader, to be one of the seven sleepers, and the interval that I now propose to you will seem but as a short nap.

Space, too, I must control as well as time, and lead the mind away from the busy metropolis of France into a distant province, conveying myself and others into the midst of scenes far more congenial to all our feelings than the dull and dusty capital, with its vicious crowds and idle gaities, where pleasure supplies the place of happiness, and luxury tries to pass itself for contentment.

Eighteen years had elapsed, then, since the execution of the murderers of Gaultier Fiteau. Eighteen years had elapsed since the talent and decision which Pierre Morin had displayed on that occasion had attracted the notice of one who was willing and able to raise him above the station in which we have first depicted him. Eighteen years had passed since the Abbe de Castelneau had adopted, if we may so call it, the child Annette, and had quitted Paris for the second time since he first appeared before the reader.

What were the changes those eighteen years had produced? In the states and empires of Europe, changes immense and extraordinary! The same king, indeed, still sat upon the throne of France, but society itself had undergone a vast alteration, and all the relations of the kingdom with foreign states were different. Enemies had become friends, and friends enemies, and the nearest of the monarch's kindred were hostilely opposed to his views.

To a narrower circle, however, we must bound our own inquiries. What were the changes those eighteen years had produced in the Abbe de Castelneau, and the child he had so strangely adopted at a moment when, as we have shown, he had but little wealth of any kind even to support himself? In person he remained very much the same as we have already described him. His hair might be somewhat more grey; and certain indescribable appearances might indicate to an attentive eye, that Time's wing had flapped more than once over his head since we first presented him to the eye of the reader.—He was older in appearance, but yet not much; for at the former period he had looked older than he really was, and at the latter he looked younger.

In his mind there had taken place various changes: and although I do not intend to enter into any minute account of his character, but

rather let it develop itself, yet it may be as well to keep in mind that this is no creation of the fancy, but a living creature of flesh and blood; a being mingled of good and evil which then existed, and which has had many a successor since. It is well to remember also that he was a man of strong passions and feelings, both vicious and virtuous; and that the thing then called philosophy had taken away from him those principles upon which his good feelings might have rested secure, and had only served to teach him to conceal his sensations from others, and very often from himself.

Since he had quitted Paris, however, the better feelings had obtained wider sway: there was not, in short, so much temptation to evil; there were many opportunities of good. He learnt to abhor, in new employments and occupations, amusements which he had formerly sought for the exercise of a keen and active mind, and the gratification of an eager and excitable disposition. The gaming-table had been one of his greatest resources, and he had always sought those games in which chance and skill had an equal share, in order that he might stimulate his heart by expectation and anxiety, and exercise his mind by calculation at the same time. There was also a sort of pride and pleasure to him in displaying a certain stoical apathy, which he did not really feel, in regard to the risks and the event of the game. Since he had quitted Paris, however, he had never touched, or even seen, a card. He had found for himself occupation in the neighborhood of the small house, not far from the town of Argen, in which he dwelt for ten years; and out of the very limited income that remained to him he had contrived to do great good amongst the peasantry around. He had quieted dissensions, assisted the poor, had given education to the young, and advice to the old; and, living very frugally himself, he never felt the pressure of need, nor regret at the loss of luxury.

In his own home, however, still remained the sweet child whom he had adopted; and that very fact might be perhaps the great cause—though, beyond doubt, there were many other co-operating—which produced such a change in the habits, if not in the character, of the Abbe de Castelneau. It was not only that she offered sufficient occupation for every spare moment; it was not only that she afforded sufficient excitement, and supplied a matter of continual speculation to his philosophy, but it was likewise—at least I believe so—that there is something in the pure and simple innocence of infancy, a fragrance, as it were, fresh from the hand of the great Creator of all spirits, which naturally communicates itself to those who are brought near it; purifying, sanctifying, and blessing, by the sight of that guilelessness which they must love, and the loss of which in their own case they must regret.

This very fact was a matter of speculation to the Abbe de Castelneau himself; and often, when he quitted her, after having amused himself for many an hour with her infant sports and gambols, he would walk forth up the side of the

hill with his eyes bent down upon the ground, looking thoughtful, and, as the peasantry used to fancy, gloomy, but with a chastened joy in his heart which he had never known in scenes of revelry, and pleasure, and indulgence.

'It is strange!' he would murmur to himself—'it is very strange! I feel better, and wiser, and happier; and all from communion with a child!'

Thus passed by the days, to him seeming almost as brief as the sentences in which we have recorded the lapse of those eighteen years. But before much more than one half of those eighteen years had flown, a great change took place in the fortunes of the Abbe de Castelneau; and he was suddenly not only restored to as much affluence as he had ever known, but to much greater wealth than he had ever any right to expect. It was not that any of the different benefices which he held, having satisfied the claims of his creditors, were turned to his own use, for it required a longer time than that to pay all the debts that he had contracted; but, at the end of the ninth year, a report reached him that the son of his uncle, the Count de Castelneau,—the only surviving son—for it may be recollected that the elder son had been killed in battle about the period at which this history commences,—was dangerously ill.

The tidings seemed to effect him but little, for this young man had been but a mere boy when last the abbe had been admitted within the walls of the chateau of Castelneau. He had loved his elder cousin most sincerely, and had lamented him truly and deeply when he fell by the banks of the Rhine; but his own conduct had excluded him for many years from the dwelling of his noble relation, and he took no thought or interest in the young heir of that high house.

Soon after, news again reached him that the youth was dead: all he said in the way of mourning was, 'Poor boy!' But he added, 'Now, were I avaricious, I would go and throw myself at the feet of this old man, profess repentance for all my past errors, and induce him to leave me his rich estates, as well as the old chateau which must be mine—unless, indeed, he marry again, and have another heir. But I will do none of these things: he was cruel to his eldest son, harsh to his own unhappy wife, stern and unjust to me, and I will not bend to him. Let him leave his wealth to whom he will, I shall have enough to give a dowry to my sweet little Annette, and that will close the account well.'

He went not to see his uncle, nor held any communication with him; and it may be easily supposed that his uncle took no notice of him. Not long after, however, the Bishop of Toulouse, in passing through that part of the country, took up his abode at the abbe's house for a day or two, inquiring into various facts concerning the neighboring districts, in regard to which none could give him such good information as his host. The abbe entertained him with a degree of studied plainness that amused the good prelate, but put him at his ease. There was certainly a slight addition made to the breakfast,

dinner, and supper of the Abbe de Castelneau, but it was in quantity, not in quality, that any change appeared. The bishop was struck, pleased, and amused, too, with the young Annette, and asked her name one day after she had just quitted the room.

'Anette de St. Morin,' replied the abbe, briefly.

The bishop smiled. 'Not your child, I hope, monsieur l'abbe?' said the bishop.

'Yes, my lord!' replied the abbe; but the moment after he added, with a low bow and a cynical look, 'my child by adoption and affection, but no thing more.'

The bishop made no reply, but took his leave of the abbe on the following day; and some months passed in the usual course, without any event of importance sufficient to require notice here. At length, however, a courier with a foaming horse stopped at the dwelling of the Abbe de Castelneau, who was at that moment walking down the steps of his house into the little garden that surrounded it. The courier bowed low and presented to him a letter, which the abbe took, and turned to the address with the same calm and unmoved countenance which he now habitually maintained.

On the back of the epistle he read, 'To the Abbe, Count of Castelneau, Castres, near Argen.' The seal was black; and on opening it he proceeded to read a letter from the curate of the parish in which the chateau of Castelneau was situated, informing him of the death of his relation, and telling him that the late count had left no will, having destroyed, the very day before he died, a will which he had made some time previous.

The abbe thus found himself at once in possession of rank and great wealth; but still he received such intelligence without a change of expression, and merely ordered his simple antiquated chaise—which seemed to have appropriated to itself all the dust that had been raised upon the roads in the vicinity for more than a century—to be brought round with the two long-tailed mules which had drawn him and his little charge about the neighborhood of Argen ever since he had quitted Paris.

Every thing was made ready in the space of two hours. The abbe got in first, the little girl and Donnine followed, the old man-servant in the grey livery took his place on the outside, and, having hitherto acted the part of gardener as well as lackey, now performed the office of coachman. The journey occupied more than one day, as any person acquainted with the country may understand, although it must be remembered, that the Castelneau of which we speak is not that in the Herault, but rather that at the distance of some four or five leagues from Cahors, in one of the most picturesque and extraordinary parts of France. There are two or three other places of the same name. Another belonging to the same family was to be found near Auch; but it will be remarked, that wherever the name of Castelneau is met with there will be likewise found a combination of wood, water, and rocky scenery, affording much picturesque beauty, and presenting many a spot

where the poet and the painter may rest and dream. The Castelneau, however, near Auch, though it possessed at that time, and perhaps does still, an old castle, was not inhabited by the counts of Castelneau; and the place towards which the abbe bent his steps was that in Querci, not far from Figeac.

Every thing was new and delightful to Annette de St. Morin, as the little girl was now called, so that to her at least the journey did not seem a long one. The abbe showed no impatience on his own part; but still he pressed the mules upon their work, as the funeral of the late count was to be delayed till his arrival.

At length he reached the castle of his ancestors—a castle, probably the oldest of the kind in France, of which many parts still stand, as they were raised from the ground, in the dark ages under the Merovingian kings of France. The servants, drawn up in mourning, waited him in great hall, with somewhat of feudal pomp and parade; and, passing through the double line, the abbe went on without taking notice of any one, till he reached the chamber which had been prepared for him, and in which the cure of the village, and the principal notary of Figeac, had remained till his arrival.

The funeral was performed with great pomp. The abbe took undisputed possession of the property; and, accompanied by the notary, broke the seals which had been placed upon the various cabinets, and went through the examination of innumerable papers which had belonged to the dead man.

It is always a sad and terrible task—where there is any human feeling left in the heart—that of examining the papers and letters of those who are gone. The records of fruitless affections, of disappointed hopes, of tenderness perhaps misplaced, perhaps turned by the will of fate to scourge the heart that felt it, are there all before our eyes. Side by side, at one view, and in one instant, we have before us the history of a human life, and its sad and awful moral—we have there the picture of every bright enjoyment, of every warm domestic blessing; while, written by the hand of death beneath them, is the terrible truth, 'These are all past away for ever, and so will it soon be with thee likewise!'

Whether he felt these things or not, nobody could tell from the countenance of the Abbe, Count de Castelneau. He appeared neither more nor less sad after the examination than before. One thing, however, he did find, amongst the papers of his deceased relation, which called up to his lip that faint and doubtful smile of which we have before had occasion to speak.—This was a letter from the Bishop of Toulouse to the late Count de Castelneau, and dated some few months before the death of the latter. It gave an account of the abbe's own state and character at the time, and represented him as entirely changed and reclaimed from all the vices which at one time had degraded him, living an honorable and useful life, and conferring many benefits on those who surrounded him!

The abbe de Castelneau sealed the letter up, and labelled it with the words, 'My character

from my last place;' but he did not doubt, any more than the reader does, that this very character, given to him by the Bishop of Toulouse, had put him in possession of the wealth and estates which were now his. It may be asked, if that wealth brought happiness with it? the answer must be, It would appear not. The abbe was not more cheerful, less so even: his gravity sunk into gloom: there was a sadness about him which not even the presence of the being he loved best on earth, his own little Annette as he used to call her, could altogether dissipate.

His personal habits in the meantime remained almost unchanged, though he took the necessary measures to free himself from his obligations to the church. The whole neighborhood said, when they heard of this, that the Count de Castelneau would marry for the sake of an heir; that he was a young man, and a handsome man, and one that had loved, but too much, the society of women. It was not likely, therefore, that he would remain single: and every body anticipated that Annette de St. Morin would soon feel a great difference in the conduct of her father by adoption; for that a new mistress would be speedily given to that household of which she had been hitherto the pride and delight.

The count, however, did not justify these prognostications. Though he had abandoned the church, he still retained, in all his garments, the grave hue of its habiliments; lived with infinite frugality and moderation, and showed a great distaste to that which is commonly called society. The Count de Castelneau might still have retained possession of some of the rents and revenues which he had derived from the church, although he had freed himself from his vows in all due form, as was but too frequently the case in France at that time. He did not think fit so to do, however, but paid all his debts, and resigned every benefice, abbey, and appropriation which had formed the great bulk of his income before the death of his uncle. In the management of his own property he was liberal and charitable to others, though sparing to himself; and, had he sought for such honors, might have gained the character of a saint. But of such a distinction he was in no degree ambitious.

CHAPTER IX

Having traced the passing of the eighteen years which we have mentioned, as far as in their flight they influenced the situation of the Abbe de Castelneau, we must now pause for a short time to inquire into their effect upon another of our characters; though here the subject is infinitely more delicate, and the investigation more obscure.

To examine into the tortuous ways of the human heart—a labyrinth where darkness is added to intricacy—is at the best a most difficult task; for where shall we find a clue, where a light to guide us, where a voice to tell us at each step whether we are right or wrong? But to examine into the heart of a woman is a more difficult undertaking still; for the paths are finer and less distinctly traced, and very, very often even the owner of the place remains wilfully ignorant of

all the many turnings and windings of the way. Coarse hands can separate the bundles of coarse twine; but it needs a fine touch to divide the film of the silk worm, or to discover the flaws of the diamond. Nevertheless it is a part of my appointed task to examine the progress, and inquire into the character and feelings, of her whom we must now call, as her father by adoption had called her, Annette de St. Morin.

We left her an infant; a very beautiful infant truly; full of engaging graces and sweet smiles, overflowing with health and good temper.—Tears were great strangers in her eyes, even as a child; and, whatever she might carry out of the world, or go through therein, she certainly brought into it as great a fund of happy sensations as ever infant was yet endowed with.—Human nature is so fond of happiness, that it is scarcely possible to help loving any being we see innocently happy. The reverse, indeed, does not hold good, for the deepest and the tenderest interest can be excited by the sight of virtuous grief; but still there is something so engaging in happiness, that few hearts can witness it without being attracted towards those who possess it. Certain it is,—whether by the possession of this attractive power, or what other quality, I know not—certain it is that Annette de St. Morin, as an infant, engaged the hearts of all those who surrounded her. We have already mentioned the love which she excited in the Abbe de Castelleau:—it was the same with the good Donnine, it was the same with the old lackey, and with every other person that approached her. This was the case in infancy; and as time daily more and more developed her graces, and opened new channels for her sunshiny cheerfulness to display itself,—as she learned to clap her little hands with joy when any thing pleased her, to run from one fond friend to another, and to speak broken words with the sweet tongue of youth,—there came melting sensations over hearts that had never melted before, and feelings of tenderness that set all cold philosophy at defiance.

She preserved all the beauties and the graces with which she set out in life till she was about seven years old; and, during that period, she went through all the ordinary diseases of childhood, showing in moments of suffering and sickness the same imperturbable and happy calm which we have before mentioned. She might be languid with fever, but she was never querulous or irritable: the lip might be parched and the eye dull; but there was always a smile came up upon the face when her ear caught the sounds of the voices that she loved.

When she was about seven years of age, she began to lose the beauty which had distinguished her; her features grew ill proportioned, her face thin, her form lost the roundness of childhood; and though her eyes were still fine and her hair beautiful, yet no one who did not examine very closely perceived any promise of after-loveliness. This state of transition continued for several years; and at the time when she arrived at the chateau of Castelleau many of the ladies in the vicinity pronounced her an

ugly little girl, and, though they looked in vain for any likeness between her and her adopted father, yet argued strongly that she must be his own child, because otherwise he could take no interest in one so devoid of beauty.

There was a change coming, however. Some two years after, the complexion of Annette de St. Morin began to resume the clear rosy brightness which it had in her infancy. Her form grew, not only tall and graceful, but rounded in the most exquisite contour; gradually, year after year, her features became finer, the whole arrangements of her countenance more harmonious, her eyes retained their brightness and their lustre, the lashes that overshadowed them appeared longer and darker and softer every day; and the lips, which had always smiled sweetly, now became full and rosy, with that exquisite bend which is so rarely seen, except on the cold pale face of the Grecian statue. The hand and the foot remained small and symmetrical; and it was remarked, that, in whatever way they fell, the lines they formed were all full of grace.—Even her hair, which was very luxuriant, though it did not absolutely curl in large masses, except when very long, yet had an irrepressible wave which pervaded the whole, and caught the light in glossy gleams wherever the sun fell upon it. In short, she thus changed twice in those eighteen years, from a lovely infant to a plain child, and from a plain child to a most beautiful woman.

Such had been the alterations of her person during the period I have mentioned; and I have spoken of them first, as less difficult to deal with than her mind. But that mind went on step by step, developing all its powers under careful nurture. The course of education to which the abbe subjected her was very strange, when his circumstances and situation are considered. It was not the education which one would have expected from a man, a dissipated man, a Frenchman, or a Roman Catholic. In the first place, it was perfectly feminine: there were none of those harsh studies in it with which men, when intrusted with the education of women, so often unsex them. From the earliest age, he taught her the love of truth and sincerity; he implanted in her mind that every thing was to be sacrificed to that; he made it, in short, the first principle of her education. But he taught her, too, to be gentle, and docile, and thoughtful for others. He taught her to avoid all that might give pain; but what may seem stranger than all, is, that he taught her these things all from one source—The Book of our salvation.

In the course of so teaching her, he suffered the cause of his anxiety to fill her mind with the words of that book to appear on one or two occasions. The first time that he did so was when she was about ten years old, and he found that something which she met with in the history of the Saviour was too difficult for her to comprehend.

'My dear child,' said the abbe, 'you cannot understand it, and I do not expect you to do so; but I am giving these treasures to your heart, and not to your mind: your mind will share in

them hereafter. I wish them to be part of your feelings, part of your existence, the dowry of your spirit. I tell you, Annette, that I would give willingly this right hand to have received these words in youth through the heart, rather than in manhood through the understanding.—For oh! my sweet girl, after that heart has been hardened by the fierce fire of the world, *we may be convinced without faith, and believe without feeling.*

Upon this principle it was evident that he acted; but there was nothing in the least ascetic in his teaching, for it was all redolent of that joy and cheerfulness which breathes from the Volume that he opened to her. In short, he told her to be happy, and he taught her how.

He added, moreover, every thing that could give her the graces of society, and the highest accomplishments that could be obtained. He thought none of these things frivolous and light when they did not interfere with higher things; and he believed, nay, he knew, that they might go hand in hand with the holiest thoughts. He showed her, that every talent and endowment possessed by man, whether corporeal or mental, is the gift of God, and that it is one part of the worship of God to cultivate and employ those talents by every means that he has placed within our power. 'God has forbidden excess,' he said, 'in any thing; and he himself has told us those things which in themselves are evil. Thus it would be an impious arraignment of his providence to say, that any of those things which he has given, and not forbidden, may not be used in moderation. The lark,' he said, 'my child, sings at the gate of heaven. Sing you also in the happiness of your heart; and in so singing, remember the God who made sweet sounds, and who taught man to harmonise them, and to give a finer voice to all the emotions of his mind.—The finger of God, too,' he said, 'is in all the beautiful things of the world; and when, with the pencil, your hand traces them, my Annette, you will not forget the hand that formed them. Every enjoyment that is innocent and moderate we may believe was given us expressly from above; and the test by which you should try your enjoyments is by the prayer that you can repeat after them. If, after any pleasure, you can raise your voice to the Almighty with an attentive and unwavering mind, you may feel sure that your enjoyment has been moderate.—If, with a knowledge of this word, you can ask him to bless you in such things, you may be sure that your enjoyment has been good.'

Such were the doctrines that he taught, and such were the principles upon which he acted towards his adopted child. It may be said, this was a much better and more amiable man than he has been represented in the beginning; but such is not the case. I have said that his character was mingled of good and evil; but his love for that child separated the good from the evil, and he gave all the better part to her.

Every advantage that any of the neighboring towns could afford was procured for Annette with the most boundless generosity by the abbe, after he became Count de Castelnau. Every

skilful master that could be heard of was called to the chateau to give her instruction in turn; and in the hours which were devoted to reading, the abbe, who was a man of refined taste, made her acquainted with all that was beautiful in the first writers in his own and other countries. One thing, however, he excluded entirely, which was that class of composition which was then generally called philosophy. He said, that a man who had once drunk of a cup of poison, and had suffered from the consequences all his life, would never hold the same to the lips of one he loved.

Conducted in this manner, we may easily conceive what was the effect of education upon a mind naturally full of high qualities, and endowed with very great abilities of all kinds.—But there was one particular circumstance which effected, in a marked and peculiar manner, the character of Annette de St. Morin. This was the state of comparative seclusion in which she lived. The Count de Castelnau courted not society; and, indeed, during a great part of the year there was but little to be found in the neighborhood of the chateau. The metropolis, so to speak, had swallowed up, like a great gulf, the nobility of France; and few, if any of the members of that body, spent more than a month or two on their own estates. When they did appear in the country, they came with all the vices of a great city hot and flagrant about them, and, consequently, they were not very desirable companions either for the count or his young charge. He took care, however, that the tone of her manners should be high and refined. She had the politeness of nature from gentleness of thought, and all those graces of demeanor which cultivation and refinement of mind can alone afford. But still there was a difference between herself and the general world of Paris. It was difficult to discern in what that difference lay, and yet it was very striking. It was, in truth, that she thought for herself, and did not think only as others thought. Of course, in very many respects, her thoughts were, in substance, the same as other people's; but they suggested themselves in different forms from those of other people, and they continually presented modes and expressions different from those which other persons would have used.

The society which she did mingle with in the neighborhood, consisted of a few of the old and respectable families of the province, in some of whom poverty, and in some of whom pride counteracted the attractions of the capital and retained them in the country, where small means afforded all that was necessary, and where old blood and renowned ancestry were sufficient to insure distinction. In Paris such was not the case; there, even great wealth sunk down to competence; and old family and great renown were only regarded as small adjuncts to other more attractive qualities, and as nothing without them.

From time to time, too, the count visited the town of Cahors, and took Annette de St. Morin with him; and on these occasions—generally some public event—the royal officers of the prov-

ince, and most of the other nobles, even from considerable distances, visited the town, and brought their families to grace the meeting.

Thus Annette de St. Morin was not without a thorough knowledge of all the forms and manners of the world, and was fitted, in every respect, to mingle gracefully with it, and to play her part even with distinction. Still, however, the greater part of her time was passed nearly in solitude; for at the chateau of Castleneuve a visit was a rare occurrence, and to dine or sup out in the neighborhood was an event to be recorded in the history of the year. The count, it is true, during the early part of her life, devoted all the morning to teach and educate her; but after the hour of noon he spent a considerable portion of the day alone, and Annette was left to wander through the neighboring country and about the grounds of the chateau as she thought fit.

Every one who has visited that part of France must know that the vicinity of Castleneuve is very beautiful, and the very fact of its loveliness had a considerable effect upon her mind. There can be no doubt, that upon the impressions which we receive in youth, through any of the senses, depend, in a great degree, the tastes, if not the feelings, which form our happiness or unhappiness in after years. Those impressions sink more deeply into our hearts than any others we ever receive. They are, as it were, the mould from which the clay takes its form while it is yet soft and unhardened by the fire of the world; and thus it was that Annette de St. Morin derived from the scenes in which she was accustomed to move peculiar habits of feeling which affected the whole course of her thoughts.—Those thoughts were, if one may so term it, picturesque. She loved all that was beautiful, and great, and good; but there was a kind of enthusiastic eagerness in all she did, which was certainly derived from the grandeur and wildness of the scenery which surrounded her in her early years.

Annette's mind was not one that dwelt much upon herself. She knew that she was beautiful; for it is scarcely possible to conceive a situation in which that knowledge can be excluded from a woman's heart, without gross and shameful falsehood on the part of those who surround her—but she knew not how beautiful, nor was she vain of a quality which she estimated at its due value and no more. She thought little of it, in short; and her mind scarcely rested for a moment at a time upon a gift which she felt was shared by every flower and every bird. It was natural that—not living amongst people with whom such things were of such consequence, whom beauty did not attract, and whom plainness would not have repelled—it was natural that she should not attach to personal advantages that unreal worth which a vain world in general accords to it. She knew not that vice and folly would often be sought and followed for the sake of beauty, where virtue and wisdom would attract no attention or respect. I have said she knew not, but I should have said, she comprehended not; for she had read and heard that it

was so, and, perhaps, gave mere assent to the tale without bringing the thing home to her own heart, for there is a great difference between those three acts, knowing, and comprehending, and feeling. Of course, though she might have knowledge, she had no experience; and though she had principles to guide her own conduct, she had no data to judge of that of others. Her father, by adoption, had indeed taken pains to give her some insight into the world's ways, yet she had learnt the facts but as a lesson, without any practical application thereof. She often, indeed, was tempted into wild and vague speculations as to what that great world really was which she heard so frequently talked of; and as she walked by the banks of any of the manifold rivers of that land of streams and fountains, she would gaze thoughtfully upon the waters, wishing that, like them, her mind might flow on through all the thousand scenes of bright nature and glad human life which decorated their banks, and see that busy world of action and endeavor which each town along their course was certain to display. She would picture to herself all that might then meet her eye, and the many matters of deep interest and curiosity which might be opened to her sight. But then, again, a voice seemed to whisper from within, that those waters could not pass amidst the scenes of man's existence without their brightness being troubled by impurity, till at length they would reach their conclusion in a turbid and a darksome stream—that never could they turn back upon their course, but must go onward forever, bearing with them every burden that was cast upon them, and every fouler stream that was poured in upon their once pure bosom. She shuddered as she thus thought, and the brief curiosity in which she had indulged passed away like a dream.

This was not the only speculation, however, with which she amused herself; for knowledge without experience is ever visionary; but as she walked in solitude through the woods and upon the hills in the neighborhood of Castleneuve during those hours which the count spent alone in the chateau, thousands of bright fancies would rise before her eyes, imaginations that would have become hopes if they had had any tangible object to fix upon. She would ask herself the meaning of the gay lark's song; she would give a voice to the whispering of the wind; the flowers would wake into life under her eyes, and act their parts in dramas of her own creation. These things grew upon her in her sixteenth, seventeenth, and her eighteenth year; but a time was rapidly coming when visions were to give place to realities, and her heart was taught to speak instead of her imagination.

CHAPTER X.

The chateau of Castleneuve still presents towers, and ramparts, and bastions of great antiquity, or at least it did so twenty years ago; but at the more remote period of which I speak, the building was in full preservation, and in external form retained all the peculiarities of the age in which it was built, though the interior had

been modernised and fitted up with the luxurious extravagance of the reign of Louis XV.—Within the walls of the chateau were no less than three large courts, separated from each other by massy piles of building, containing long and rambling corridors and extensive halls, with innumerable smaller chambers scattered here and there, with much space wasted, but with no small economy of light. Besides these masses of building, and the vast circuit of walls and towers that surrounded them and united them together, were several large square edifices detached from the rest of the castle, or only united to it, either by a sort of covered bridge high up in the air, or a passage cut through the rock beneath, and issuing forth from those apartments, which, in the modern arrangements that had been made in the castle were appropriated to butlers, cooks, and serving men. Though the mole-like process of proceeding under the earth gives an idea of mystery and darkness to our minds in the present day, when we are all together what may be called an upstairs world, yet to the servants of the chateau of Castelnau the matter had become so familiar, that they passed through a subterranean passage, which would have furnished the highest enjoyment to one of the votaries of Adelphe, as calmly and coolly as we go from one ordinary room to another. Notwithstanding the antiquity of the chateau itself, by some extraordinary forgetfulness on the part of its inhabitants, it was unprovided even with a ghost. The eastern tower itself possessed some of the most cheerful apartments in the whole building; and that face of the chateau which looked towards the south contained several of the most gay and smiling halls that the arts of any period could have devised, with deep oriel windows, in the recesses of which the sunshine loved to linger and draw patters on the oaken floor. In short, many parts of the castle afforded as bright and smiling a habitation as it was possible for man to desire; and the number of servants and retainers usually kept up therein filled it so full of human life, that every thing like the appearance of solitude was banished from its precincts.

The neighborhood, indeed, though the land is most warm and sunny, had somewhat of the wild and the sublime in its general aspect. It retains more than any other part of France that I have visited that feudal coloring, if I may so term it, which leads the mind back at once to early and more simple times. There are manifold woods and streams, wide forests, deep valleys, fountains innumerable. Nor are these last alone the sources of small rills, that spring in a jet of silver from theebank, and flow on, soon losing themselves in some greater body of water; but in some parts of that district, rivers burst at once from the green turf in the midst of the forest, issuing from a depth that no one as yet has been able to fathom. The houses of the peasantry, however lowly, have a neatness about them which speaks of natural taste: there is a love of flowers, and a fondness for bright, but harmonious, colors, which smaks of a peculiar sort of poetry of the mind; and the very jar-

gon of the peasantry is sweet and softened, however incorrect, giving proof of an ear highly sensible to musical sounds. Here, indeed, was spoken in former times, in great purity, the soft *Langue d'Oc*, undoubtedly one of the most harmonious tongues of modern Europe; and there is a charm in that harmony of language, in its connection with the imagination, at which reason and philosophy is sometimes indignant.—Many a very sensible and clever man has puzzled himself to divine how it is that the songs of the *Troubadours*, though very much inferior in reason and in wit to the compositions of their more northern neighbors, the *Trouveres*, have obtained a much higher reputation, and still retain their hold upon the public mind. There may be many causes for this fact, but one of those causes undoubtedly is, the superior harmony of the *Langue d'Oc* over the *Langue d'Oïl*.

However that may be, every thing around Figearc and its neighborhood spoke not alone of the early days of the good olden time, but of early days in their brightest aspect—early days in their sunshine and calmness; for, alas! those early feudal days had also their clouds and their storms. The people of the district were not numerous, but food was plenty amongst them, and therefore they might well be contented; for although plenty will not always produce content, yet very seldom, if ever, is content found without it. Neither was the population very thin; there were few moors or wastes of any kind, though the woodlands were extensive; but those woodlands, it must be recollected, were amongst the richest districts of the province. In the skirts of the forests, however, as well as in other places, were numerous villages and hamlets, and often in the heart of the wood itself appeared a neat cottage, always placed in the best and most picturesque situation on the top of some high bank, or on the slope of some gentle hill, where the advantages of air, and shelter, and dryness were all combined. No bad indication of the character of the peasantry is to be found in the situation of the hamlets and cottages; and in these respects the positions chosen by the people in that neighborhood harmonised well with their ordinary tastes and feelings.

The soil in general was dry and wholesome, and that part which was given up to the production of timber was generally the broken ground which it would have been difficult to reduce to form and shape by any effort of the ploughshare. No regularity had prevailed in the art of planting during those remote centuries when the seeds of the oaks and beeches that grew around Castelnau were sown—if indeed the woods themselves were not remnants of the old primeval forests which once covered the whole face of the country—and thus the greatest picturesque beauty was to be found in the forest ground. The rest of the land, it is true, was very beautiful also; but often from the edges of the wood were to be seen bright glimpses of the open country, mingling with the fringe of green trees that skirted the hills and combining many sorts of natural beauty in one. The cli-

mate, too, in that part of France, is peculiarly fine; and although so many rivers and springs appear in every direction, very little rain falls, and the heavy clouds that sometimes gather round float slowly past to higher regions, and pour their showers upon the tops of the distant mountains. It thus becomes a land of gleams, where the sunshine and the shadow seem constantly playing with each other, and running bright races over the green hill sides.

Amongst such scenes were passed the years of Annette de St. Morin, from the time she was ten years of age till the time she was eighteen; and, as I have stated before, those gleams, and woods, and hills, and vallies, and bright streams, had no unimportant part in her education. They fixed her tastes, and even in some degree formed her character.

Few of the chateaus in the neighborhood of that of Castalneau were inhabited. Many were in ruins; and the two nearest houses which dignified themselves with such a title, and were yet tenanted by any thing better than bats and owls, lay at the distance of more than five miles from it and from each other. One of these was situated not far from the banks of the Lot, and was in every respect very different from the chateau of Castalneau. It had been built by a marquis, in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV., and had been embellished by his successor under the regency. The genealogical tree of the family was said not to be on of the tallest in the forest, though the branches had become very numerous of late years; nor were the roots supposed to be very pure, at least no one had ever clearly ascertained into what soil they shot. The chateau itself was exactly what might be expected from the age in which it was built, and the person who built it. It was all glass within and without. The windows were like what are termed goggle eyes, much too large, in short, for the size of the place. There were also a great number too many for the small masses of masonry that supported them; and to make these masses look the more flimsy, the skilful artist had not contented himself till he had covered them with plaster panels and arabesques. Tall stone pinnacles and balls covered the tops of each of the piers; a whole host of Cupids had been squandered upon different parts of the stone-work, and innumerable baskets of flowers afforded the little god of love something to do. The house was seated upon a raised platform, and every means was employed by manifold flights of shallow steps to weary the visitor in approaching the dwelling of the Marquis de Cajare.

The interior resembled the outside in ornament and decoration. There was not a panel without some painting upon it, not in the best taste in the world; and the ceilings and the staircases were filled with Neptunes and Apollos, Cupids and Venuses, Tritons and Nereids. Manifold looking-glasses ornamented the walls, and the columns that supported the ceilings were fluted with blue glass. In the winter-time the house would have been intolerably cold; but it was only during about three months in

the very height of summer that the marquis and the marquise, after having talked to every body in Paris of their chateau on the Lot, came down, with a select few of their acquaintances, to languish through the space allotted to a dull country life.

The family of the marquis consisted of himself and his wife, one son and one daughter.—The latter was somewhat older than Annette de St. Morin; handsome, too, and not without a certain degree of cleverness, but full of frivolity, conceit, and pretension. She had thus all the qualities requisite to attract the admiration of the youth of Paris; and people were beginning to marvel that Mademoiselle de Cajare, now approaching her twentieth year, had not formed some splendid alliance. However, things in general were managed in Paris at that time in a very different manner from the arrangements of the present day. The young lady had little or nothing to do in the affair but to submit, and all the other particulars were arranged between her parents and the person to be coupled to herself for life, or, more often still, between them and his parents. This, indeed, was not always the case; for there never yet was a time—either in France or any other country—in which love-matches were not occasionally made, as is shown by the very distinction drawn in the language between the *mariage d'amour*, and the *mariage de convenance*.

It may be supposed, then, that in the society in which Mademoiselle de Cajare moved, the *mariage de convenance* was much more customary than any other sort of alliance; and it began to be rumored in the circles of Paris, that the marquis himself had not been so explicit in naming the dowry of his daughter as was desirable to the young gallants of the capital. Yet he lived in the highest and most profuse style; and his son, who was serving with the army on the Rhine, never found any want of means to gratify whatever whim or or caprice might come into the head of a spoilt child of fortune.

The marquis himself was every thing that had been the pink of perfection some thirty years before. He was, consequently, somewhat out of date, according to the manners of the day; and his graces had a degree of stiffness which occasionally excited the merriment of the *de-gagee* youth which filled the saloons of the metropolis. The marquise was what the people of her own time called a sweet, interesting woman, as heartless as it was possible to conceive, and of course as selfish. She had a certain sort of common sense, or, rather, I should say, discernment, about her, which made her perceive when she first set out in life, some six or seven and twenty years before, that as she had not enough ready wit to be *piquante*, she must assume the interesting and sentimental; and this having become her habitual style, she continued to languish and to sigh, and to look tender and beseeching, till all her charms began perceptibly to pass away, and the necessity of giving them a little heightening became more and more apparent every day. She took the hint which her looking-glass afforded; superinduced additional

portions of red and white, in various places, as the case required: arranged the eyebrows with the nicest care, and added a lock here and there amongst the hair, where 'time, who steals our years away,' had stolen her tresses too.

Such was one of the chateaux in the neighborhood of Castelnau, and such was the family to which it belonged. There was another, however, at about the same distance in a different direction. It was situated in that higher, if not more mountainous district about Fons and St. Medard, and was as much the reverse of the chateau of Cajare in its site and appearance, as in the character of its inhabitants. In the jargon of the country it was called Castle Nogent, and the name of the gentleman who inhabited it was the Baron de Nogent. He was at this time an old man, but older indeed in appearance than in reality, for care had had its hand upon him as well at time. His hair was as white as snow, and his figure, which had once been tall and powerful, was now thin and somewhat bent. He was not, however, more than sixty years of age; and his countenance, though worn and somewhat pale, bore a noble and lofty look; but withal there was an expression of melancholy, nay, of almost hopelessness, about it, which was permanent, mingling with every other expression—even with a smile.

The chateau was one of the old dwelling-houses of the country, not of so antique a date, indeed, as that of Castelnau, but still carrying its origin back for many centuries, and built upon the foundations of an older mansion, all record of the erection of which was lost in the lapse of time. It was not nearly so large as the chateau of Castelnau, and indeed never had been, but still it was a large building, and would have afforded ample accommodation for a numerous family and a splendid train. By such, however, it was not tenanted; for the baron himself had seen his wife—whom he had wedded from pure affection, and had never ceased to love—wither away ere she had been his more than four years, leaving him not exactly alone, for he had one son, but solitary in heart, and depressed by manifold misfortunes. The train of the baron, too, was very small; for his father had made great sacrifices for his king and for his country, and had, of course, met with neither reward nor remuneration. The baron also had suffered severe losses of property from accidental causes; and the chateau, not being half filled, was falling in some parts into decay.

The scenery round it was very beautiful, full of woods, and rocks, and streams; and, in a part which had been formerly reserved as a hunting park for the chateau itself, rose one of the heaps of the small river Cere, rushing at once from a deep basin in the rock in a jet of nearly four feet in diameter.

The Abbe de Castelnau, as soon as he assumed the title of count, and took possession of the castles and estates, was immediately visited in great state by all the gentry of the neighborhood, with the exception of the Baron de Nogent. With grave and deliberate slowness he returned those visits, affording no great encouragement

either by his words or manner to any attempt at intimacy. He waited for some time for the baron's call; but as that nobleman did not appear, he proceeded in his old postchaise, drawn by the two mules, for which he retained an unwavering regard, to visit his solitary neighbor. The baron received him without any appearance of discomfort or surprise, but also without any show of pleasure.

'Monsieur de Nogent,' said the count, 'we of Castelnau and you of Nogent have been friends for two hundred years, and perhaps longer—I see not why, it should not be so still.'

'There is but one reason, count,' replied the baron—'the house of Castelnau is rich, the house of Nogent is poor, and they meet not upon the same terms as in other days.'

'If riches could make any difference in regard, sir,' replied the count, 'friendship would be a thing not worth the trouble of coming two leagues from Castelnau to seek. I have shown you that I value it more highly than you seem to do; if you do not really hold it lightly, you will come to Castelnau in return.'

The baron smiled faintly. 'I do not hold it lightly, indeed,' he replied; 'and since such are your feelings, Monsieur de Castelnau, I will of course, return your visit with pleasure. But I have so long avoided all society, from causes too painful for me to enter into, that I fear you will find but a dull and cheerless neighbor, though not from estimating friendship at a low rate, or undervaluing high abilities when I meet with them.'

Some farther conversation took place, and the count inquired after the baron's son, whom he remembered a beautiful boy some ten or twelve years before.

'He is now,' replied the baron, 'one of the king's pages, and I hope ere another year be over, to hear that he is serving his country in the field.'

The count wished the young gentleman success; and after remaining a reasonable time, in order to suffer all strangeness to wear off, he took his leave, and returned to the chateau of Castelnau. His visit called forth another immediately from the baron, who spoke and acted with less reserve than he had previously done, and mentioned his intention of proceeding very soon to Paris, in order to see his son equipped for the army.

Not long after, the Count de Castelnau proceeded to the town of Cahors for some time, to settle various matters of business connected with the inheritance which had just fallen to him. He took Annette with him; and on their return, he found that the Baron de Nogent and his son had called during their absence. He immediately returned their visit without a moment's loss of time; but he found the old nobleman now alone, his son having returned to Paris in order to join the army.

From that time forth the years slipped by without any incident of importance chequering the intercourse between the Baron de Nogent and the Count de Castelnau. They met sometimes twice, sometimes three times in the course

of each year, but not oftener; and towards the latter end of the eighteen years of which we have lately been speaking, when the baron visited the chateau of Castelneau, his eyes would frequently rest for a moment or two upon the countenance of Annette de St. Morin, with a look of thoughtful inquiry, as if something puzzled him and set his mind busily at work.

CHAPTER XI.

As each human heart is a world in itself, and we have in this book more than one heart to deal with, it would take a whole constellation of such books to describe with any degree of minuteness and precision all the different points and particulars of the characters we have had under review, and the changes which took place therein in the space of the eighteen years so frequently referred to. We have done our best, however, in a short space, to give some idea of the characters of the Count of Castelneau and his adopted child Adnette de St. Morin, together with a general view of the circumstances which surrounded them; and however imperfectly all this may have been accomplished, it is time that we should proceed to make the personages speak and act for themselves.

We have told the generous reader—who is quite willing to believe that every thing we do tell him is true—that during the three or four hours in the middle of the day which the Count de Castelneau thought fit to spend alone in solitary thought, Mademoiselle de St. Morin would wander forth through the bright scenery in the neighborhood. During these excursions she was sometimes on horseback, followed by numerous attendants—for although the count was so simple in all his own habits, he never suffered her to want any of the outward appearances of rank and high station—but often on foot, and then, generally unaccompanied. She was fond of indulging her own thoughts; and, though sometimes the sunny side of the breezy hill would fill her with high spirits, and tempt her to gallop her fleet Limousin jennet for many a mile over the broken turf, yet, towards eighteen years of age, she generally returned ere long to the more thoughtful mood, and whiled away the hours with fancies of her own. It may be asked what were those fancies? I cannot tell: nor could she herself have told. All the small particulars that she knew of the world, and of nature, and of her own heart, danced in the light of a happy mind like notes in a ray of sunshine. Each glittered as it passed through the beam, disappeared, and was forgotten; but others still succeeded, and all derived brilliance from the cheerful ray through which they floated, so long as they were within its influence.

There might be, at those times, within that young bosom the wish to be beloved by some kindred spirit, filled with bright thoughts and high aspirations like her own. Such things might well and naturally be in her heart; for it had been a principle of him who had taught her all which she knew, to set her the example of that truth which he required from her, and

to deceive her in nothing. He strove to the very best of his power, to give to all things their right estimate; and he sought not in any degree to conceal from her that love was before her as an inevitable part of her destiny, a thing that was to form an epoch in her existence, though not to absorb within itself the thoughts and feelings of her life. He guarded her mind from dwelling upon that idea, it is true, by supplying her with plenty of other matter for thought; but still youth, and nature, and all those sweet and bright, but vague and shadowy, hopes, which form the atmosphere of love, might well have place within her breast.

She was thus one day wandering on, at the distance of a few miles from the chateau of Castelneau, when feeling somewhat weary with the warmth of a bright day in the end of May, she sat down to rest on a cushion of green moss that rose round the silvery roots of a tall beech tree in the woods. At the distance of perhaps twenty yards from where she sat was a small, narrow, sandy road, leading through the woods from Maridal to figeac; and, flowing along, on the other side of the road, was a bright clear stream, which a few miles farther on plunged into the Lot. The beech tree was one of peculiar beauty, with long bending arms dropping over the ground below, as if to canopy that mossy cushion from the sun; and, up behind again, sloped far away the green bank, studded here and there with old trees casting deep shadows round them, but leaving bright gleams of sunshine upon the more open expanse of forest turf. On the right, about twenty yards from the spot where Annette sat, and at the same distance from the road, was an old Gothic cross with a Latin inscription upon it, and at its foot appeared a fountain in a stone basin, richly ornamented by some hand which had long been dust.

I have dwelt on the description of this scene for many reasons, but for none more than because in it occurred more than one event affecting the happiness of Annette de St. Morin.—Thus often does it happen in the strange mysterious existence of man, that certain spots seem to have a fate attached to them, sometimes as the scenes of those greater events that affect nations and worlds, sometimes only as the places where occurrences, marking the particular destiny of individuals, happen from time to time. How many a field of battle has seen various contending armies pass over them at far remote periods—how many houses and palaces contain within them the record of many a great and terrible event. How often does it happen to us individually, that on the same spot, where the course of our existence has once been changed by some of the great marking occurrences of life, we have again and again met with change of fortune for good or for evil.

Annette de St. Morin sat there and mused; and if any thing at that time in the whole expanse of her sunny mind could bear the name of gloom, we might say that she was more melancholy than usual. The subject of her thoughts was serious. As she looked at the bright stream

that flowed by her, it presented to her mind—as the rippling course of a river has naturally done to almost every one when gazing on it intently—an image of human life; and the bright waters, as they flowed by her, seemed to carry on her thoughts into the future. What was to be her own fate and destiny? she asked herself; where the dark and unseen end of that existence, which now passed as brightly and peacefully as the sparkling waters before her eyes? Then again her mind turned to the past; and like one gazing up towards the top of a mountain, she could trace step by step the way back towards infancy, where gradually all minute objects were blended together, and the eyes of memory rested at last upon a faint blue point scarcely distinguishable from the sky.

As she was thus thinking, perhaps asking her own heart who were her parents, what her fate by birth, and what her previous history, the noise of wheels, and the voice of a driver encouraging his horses, were heard at some little distance in the wood. Those sounds roused Annette from her reverie, but did not in any degree scare or alarm her. All was so peaceful in the country round; violence and wrong were so seldom heard of in that district, that she entertained no apprehension of any kind, and only drawing the veil, which was over her head, somewhat more closely round her face, she sat still while the carriage came slowly forward, watching it with some degree of interest as it approached.

It was a plain but handsome vehicle, according to the fashion of that day, with tall flat sides and a moulding at the top; and it was drawn, as was then customary, by four horses, driven by one coachman; but what was somewhat strange for a vehicle of that kind, no lackey appeared, either beside the driver or at the back of the carriage. The sandiness of the road seemed the cause of the slowness of its progression, for the vehicle was weighty, and the wheels sunk deep in the soft ground. The horses, however, were strong, and appeared quite able to draw it to the firmer road which lay about a mile farther on; but just as the carriage was passing the spot where Annette sat, a gentleman put his head out of the window, and bade the coachman stop and let the horses rest a while.

The driver immediately obeyed, and dismounted from his box; and the gentleman who had spoken opened the door of the carriage and got out. Had he been a young man, or a man of a gay aspect, Annette de St. Morin might have felt inclined to rise and wend her way homeward; but such was not at all the case, and she remained quietly seated where she was, thinking that in a minute or two the vehicle would move on.

The gentleman who had descended from the carriage seemed to be between forty and fifty years of age, but nearer to the latter than the former period: he was tall, well proportioned, and graceful, but his hair, which had once been

very dark, was thickly mingled with grey. His countenance was good, and not gloomy, though thoughtful; and his dress, which was black, was of the best materials, and made in the best fashion. As soon as he had set his foot to the ground, he offered his hand to a lady who was within, and who likewise descended from the vehicle.—She was considerably younger than himself, apparently about five or six and thirty years of age; and as Annette's eyes rested upon her, she thought that she had never beheld a more interesting being. She was still very beautiful, though the first graces of youth were past; and there was an expression of sadness on her countenance, which, though it could not exactly be said to harmonise with the style of her features, was perhaps the more touching from appearing on a face well calculated to express gay and joyous lightness of heart.

The lady spoke a few words to the gentleman beside her, which Annette did not hear, and the eyes of both fixed for a moment upon Mademoiselle de St. Morin. As they saw, however, that she averted her face and made a movement as if to rise and depart, they both turned towards the fountain and the cross, and the lady knelt before the latter, and appeared to repeat a prayer. The gentleman had turned round twice to look at Annette; and in the mean time a second lady, extremely well dressed, but by no means bearing the distinguished air of the other, had come forth from the carriage, and was gazing likewise at the fair girl who was seated on the bank.

This double scrutiny somewhat discomposed Mademoiselle de St. Morin, and she now rose for the purpose of returning to the chateau; but at that moment the gentleman approached her with rapid steps, and bowing low, with an uncovered head, he said, 'I beg a thousand pardons for interrupting you; but allow me to ask, if, in passing along this road, we do not go very near to the fine old chateau of Casteineau.'

There was something so respectful and courteous in the gentleman's tone, that if Annette had felt any thing like annoyance at being gazed at, it passed away immediately, and she replied with a smile, 'You go directly before the gates on the way to Figeac. In fact, you can go no other way.'

'Can you tell me,' continued the gentleman, looking back to the lady who had now finished her prayer and was approaching—'Can you tell me if strangers may be permitted to see the interior of it without disturbing the family, which I believe is numerous.'

'Nay you are mistaken,' answered Annette; 'the family is any thing but numerous, consisting only of the count and Mademoiselle de St. Morin.'

'Mademoiselle de St. Morin,' said the gentleman again, 'is I think —'

'A ward of the Count de Castelneau,' replied Annette; 'but I must not let you go on farther,' she added: 'I am Annette de St. Morin.'

[To be continued.]